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MR. ROOSEVELT'S pronouncement to the World Economic Conference was described in the first dispatches as a "bombshell," and it certainly bore a similarity to one in that his statement seemed to fly off in every direction and that it may be found actually to have blown up the conference. Wholly apart from its content, its summary and scolding tone was extremely unfortunate; such a tone can only provoke foreign resentment. In content the statement was muddled and confusing. Mr. Roosevelt is right in holding that a temporary stabilization of a paper dollar in terms of a paper pound or even of the franc is not an objective worth attaining. He is right again in not wishing to return to the old gold parity for the dollar. But he is dangerously wrong in clinging to a policy of drift and uncertainty, in leaving the dollar, in effect, to the mercies of foreign-exchange speculators, in failing to fix a definite percentage of devaluation, or to announce a definite date—even if it is a year or more from now—when gold convertibility at the new level will be resumed. The latter policy would not tie the dollar to any other currency, but to gold; yet if the British and other nations were encouraged to follow a similar policy, adopting whatever new gold value they deemed necessary for their own internal price level, the leading currencies would incidentally, and permanently, be stabilized in terms of one another. The world's producers and merchants could then make plans with genuine confidence.

THE PRESIDENT desires to go beyond this and to fix a price level that shall be stable for at least a generation. This is an admirable aim, but any realistic mind must recognize that the difficulties in the way are enormous. The nearest to a serious proposal along this line has been "the compensated dollar" of Professor Irving Fisher or some modification of it. Most economists are agreed, however, that if such a plan were adopted by any country acting alone it would raise far more serious difficulties than it would solve. If it were adopted internationally it would have a much better chance; but its success would depend upon a spirit of continuous international cooperation that the world has not remotely approached. It must, therefore, remain for the present in the realm of academic discussion. The need of the moment is the return to a new fixed gold level for the dollar, not more than 25 or 30 per cent below the old gold parity, with corresponding devaluation in other currencies. If Mr. Roosevelt wishes to see whether some plan cannot be devised to keep the new price level fixed, let him appoint some monetary expert of the caliber of E. W. Kemmerer or O. M. W. Sprague to serve as the American representative on an international commission containing similar experts from other countries, and give this commission at least a year to bring in its findings. But by not the wildest stretch of the imagination can a workable plan of this radical nature be brought forth in the next few months from a conference in which the American representatives are men of the type of ex-Governor Cox and Senator Pittman, who know as little about currency as they do about the tensor calculus or the quantum theory.

THE MUDDLE-HEADEDNESS of official Washington's economy program, which we commented on in our last issue, becomes more evident as the government continues to cut off employees and send them forth to the bread lines in order that the various departments may be conducted on the reduced scale of expenditures decreed for the new fiscal year. This taking money out of one pocket to put in another —this discharge of old employees in organized, useful services in order to "relieve unemployment" by creating new work of uncertain worth—is at once one of the most ridiculous and shameful aspects of the Roosevelt program. Unlike commercial business, the federal government does not have to conduct its work on a profit-and-loss basis. It has ample power to raise money either by loans or by new taxation, and it should do both in order to maintain to the full all of its useful work. Relief of unemployment is more important than a balanced budget. Of course there are some services, like that devoted to prohibition enforcement, where changing conditions call for reduced personnel, but as we suggested last week, all workers thus eliminated should be transferred

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to some of the new unemployment-relief organizations before Postmaster General Farley is allowed to pack them with party henchmen. In many ways the Washington unemployment program appears to be a large-scale attack upon the civil service in order to create an army of exempt jobs for Democratic heelers. The country ought to demand of Mr. Roosevelt that not a single federal employee be discharged for "economy."

IN ADDITION TO THE INDECENCY of turning existing government employees out into the street while setting up feed troughs for Pap Dispenser Farley's "deserving Democrats," the new situation is playing beautifully into the hands of the militarists. The War Department has been callous enough about discharging certain workers, but it is putting up a pathetic plea to the Public Works Administration to give it $53,000,000 for the purchase of munitions in order that 5,000 technicians in various arsenals may not have to be dropped. We are all for retaining the technicians, but we can conceive of a number of contributions they might make to the welfare of this country which we should put ahead of fabricating new weapons of war. Meanwhile Secretary of the Navy Swanson, not satisfied with an allowance of $238,000,000 for new war vessels, is out with a jingoistic statement calling for development all along the line. Wholly at variance with what the United States professes to be trying to accomplish in the way of peace and international accord at Geneva and London, Mr. Swanson calls for a navy "second to none," and—in spite of the enmity and commercial loss which such a policy has brought us in Latin America—repeats the old big-stick swagger about a fleet to "protect American lives and property." Mr. Swanson's program might be compatible with the ambitions of Hitlerism, but it has no place in the policy of any enlightened modern state.

THAT THE ADMINISTRATION, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, is lending $4,000,000 to Soviet Russia for the purchase of American cotton is doubly heartening news. For economically it points to the resumption of trade with Russia on a large scale, and politically it points to long-overdue recognition. Logically, of course, such recognition should have preceded the loan; for the United States government is now in the rather absurd position of lending money to a foreign government that it still refuses to recognize. This, perhaps, will make no great practical difference if the recognition is soon forthcoming. The new loan to Russia, however, does raise again certain primary questions about our foreign economic policy. At the World Economic Conference we have been talking nationalism and isolation, yet here we make a new bid for foreign trade. The nationalists, whose strong point is certainly not consistency, will doubtless argue that this is purely export trade and not import trade. But that raises the question of our whole tariff and loan policy. We are lending $4,000,000 to Russia now to buy our cotton. How is Russia going to repay this $4,000,000? There is only one way: through selling $4,000,000 worth of goods. Are we, then, going to try to keep these goods out? Are we going to maintain prohibitive tariffs or embargoes on "convict goods" in the fear that the products of cheap Russian labor will throw American labor out of work? Are we, in short, going to refuse to accept payment of our loan in the only form in which it can be paid, on the ground that such payment will ruin us? Or will we be at last prepared to recognize that all foreign trade must be two-sided?

IT IS NO LONGER NEWS that multi-millionaires like Otto H. Kahn paid no federal income taxes in 1930, 1931, and 1932—when they were proclaiming that "sharing doesn't hurt." More interesting were Mr. Kahn's testimony before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee that the investment banker has a professional relation to his client like that of a physician to his patient, and his view that "Dr. Kuhn, Loeb and Company is a pretty good doctor to go to." Readers of Max Lowenthal's recent volume, "The Investor Pays," which deals authoritatively with the wrecking of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, may conclude that Kuhn, Loeb's services in that case more closely resembled those of the mortician. And with perhaps unintentional pertinence Mr. Pecora began the investigation with questions concerning the $90,000,000 of Chilean bonds floated between 1925 and 1929 chiefly by that banking house and the Guaranty Company. The bonds are now in default and have shrunk about 90 per cent in value. Mr. Pecora produced a memorandum from Kuhn, Loeb's files showing that ten months before the first flotation in June, 1925, a coup d'etat had overthrown the constitutional government of Chile and that a group of military and naval officers had seized control. This clique had in turn been ousted in January, 1925, and been replaced by another group of military. "Did you make any examination into the political situation there?" asked Mr. Pecora, indicating his belief that a country in revolution was scarcely a good risk. "How can anyone make a study of the political situation of another country?" was the reply of Benjamin J. Buttenwieser of Kuhn, Loeb and Company.

CHARGES of a most sensational nature have been placed before Judge Harry B. Keidan of Detroit, who is inquiring into the causes of the Detroit bank panic of last February. This panic and the Michigan bank holiday, it will be remembered, set off the financial panic that swept the country in the first week of March. Herbert R. Wilkin, vice-president of one of the closed banks, testified that the First National and Guardian National were forced to close, in his opinion, as the result of "a Wall Street plot to get Henry Ford." He also charged that checks totaling $4,000,000 were cleared through these banks *after* the Governor had proclaimed a State-wide holiday. William F. Connolly, receiver for the Detroit Bankers Company, a holding concern, told Judge Keidan he believed the Detroit panic was precipitated by New York bankers in order to "narrow down and control in a few banks the bank credit of the whole nation." He said that the First National could reopen "tomorrow" and "pay its depositors 100 per cent." Another witness declared that the Guardian National could pay 83 per cent if it were to reopen immediately. To date the banks have paid out about 40 per cent. Several other charges of like nature have been put before Judge Keidan. The investigation has raised any number of questions. If the banks are really as liquid as Connolly and others have declared, why are they not reopened? And why is a State judge instead of the federal Department of Justice undertaking this inquiry? The principal banks involved are national associations; the re-

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ceivers for these houses, who have refused to testify on the ground that Judge Keidan has no jurisdiction, are in effect federal officials. About three months ago a Department of Justice representative was assigned to investigate the Detroit situation. What has become of him? Has he ever filed a report? If so, what has been done with the report? Attorney General Cummings and the Treasury Department can answer these questions. They should do so frankly and at once. To remain silent in the face of these sensational disclosures is to undermine public confidence in the banks.

NO MORE PERTINENT challenge to the Roosevelt Administration has been made than that in the pithy retort of Nugent Dodds, Assistant Attorney General under Mr. Hoover, to the caustic question of Senator Neely, Democrat, on the opening day of the Harriman Bank hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee. The Senator from West Virginia had asked why the previous Administration had covered up the defalcations and had stayed the prosecution of Joseph W. Harriman for nine months after false entries had been found on the bank's books. Mr. Dodds replied: "If you think that there is any virtue in either political party so far as national banks are concerned, you have a lot to learn."

ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES of an industrial disintegration such as that which the United States has been experiencing is that even if recovery comes, some of the losses will have to be carried on the national ledger for years to come. Curtailments in education, especially, will affect the long future more than the immediate present. So we urge our readers, when obliged to cut contributions to various causes, to keep up to the last their support of progressive labor education as the most important element of hope for the future, whether the country is destined to sink further into industrial coma or to evolve into "controlled capitalism." We wish success to the effort to raise a fund to save the People's House of New York City—the home of the Rand School and other Socialist activities—and we bespeak support for Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York, in its reorganization for continued usefulness. Tucker P. Smith, the new director, is not involved in any factional disputes within the ranks of labor, and is working on a plan to increase the extension activities of the school so as to "bring workers' education to those who cannot come to Brookwood." Nor would we neglect to say a word for Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas, which has just completed its tenth year as a work-study school where students get board and tuition for $40 a quarter.

BY A MAJORITY VOTE the Board of Education of New York City has dismissed two teachers of excellent character and good teaching records, Isidore Begun and Mrs. Williana Burroughs. Both of these teachers were present at the open hearing of the Board of Education on May 24. They were charged with having taken part in the demonstration precipitated on that occasion by the board's refusal to grant an open hearing of the charges against Isidore Blumberg, dismissed probationary teacher, and by the presence of numerous policemen and plain-clothes men. It is difficult not to see this action of the board as one more step in its campaign to suppress free speech and intelligent civic spirit among teachers. Mr. Begun has been an active member of the Teachers' Union, a moving spirit in the Unemployed Teachers' Association, and a courageous and outspoken critic of some of the board's policies. The brutal decision depriving him and Mrs. Burroughs—mother of a family of young children—of their livelihood was reached under a procedure in which the law committee of the offended board was plaintiff, jury, and judge. We hope that this decision will be appealed and that teachers' organizations will make united and effective protest against it. All teachers are menaced if any teacher can be ousted in this high-handed and ruthless fashion for exercising his rights as a citizen.

The Public's Uphill Fight

EVERY State has become a battle ground for lower gas and electric rates, with the long-suffering public engaged in an uphill fight against the utilities, which in addition to their vast financial resources are generally buttressed by the public authorities—executive, legislative, and judicial. The State public-utilities commission is, at the very best, a feeble neutral. More often it weights the scales in favor of the power companies. The skirmishing on the Sioux City sector, described elsewhere in this issue, is typical of the obstructions which the people have to overcome.

In New York State, hearings before the Public Service Commission during the past few weeks have brought out the time-worn story of excessive profits, padded rate bases, swollen salaries for executives, bookkeeping legerdemain. In the New York area the gas and electric monopoly during the depression year 1932 averaged a return of 8.3 per cent on "net worth." This is a venerable joker. "Net worth" was defined as "capital stock plus surplus." This percentage, *per se* excessive, becomes infinitely more so when one looks beneath the surface at the "write-ups," the modern equivalent of stock watering, and other forms of inflation upon which this percentage was calculated.

As for salaries in the Consolidated Gas-Edison group, we find F. W. Smith drawing three totaling $75,000, as president of the New York Edison, president of the United Electric Light and Power, and chairman of the board of the New York and Queens Electric Light and Power Company. Ellis L. Phillips is likewise triple-plated against depression, with $70,000 annually derived from the presidency of the Long Island Lighting Company and the chairmanships of the boards of the Queensboro Gas and Electric Company and the Kings County Lighting Company. And there is William A. Prendergast, formerly chairman of the New York Public Service Commission, like so many "sound" utility commissioners rewarded by promotion from his public job to three simultaneous executive vice-presidencies paying $50,000 annually. We find E. H. Rosenquest receiving three presidential emoluments, from the Westchester Lighting Company, the Yonkers Electric Light and Power Company, and the Bronx Gas and Electric, totaling $35,000. In addition to these high-salaried presidents there are various well-paid chairmen of boards—Floyd L. Carlisle, who gets $25,000 from the New York Edison; F. A. Stratton, with $30,000 from the Westchester Lighting Company—and numerous vice-presidents who likewise receive triple and double pay

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ranging from $25,000 to $40,000 annually. On top of all this came the interesting revelation that H. Edmund Machold, former Republican State chairman, under whose party whip the legislature has invariably sunk remedial utility legislation without trace, is on the pay roll of the New York Edison as "assistant to the chairman of the board" at $15,000.

These utility heads' salaries were increased in 1932, when the cost of living was dropping rapidly, when wages everywhere were being ruthlessly slashed, and when the very companies paying them were reducing wages for the lesser fry. Brooklyn Edison executives' salaries rose from $157,000 in 1931 to $196,500 in 1932. New York Edison's principal officers' salaries soared from $149,700 in 1931 to $230,300 in 1932.

On June 15 Russell F. Van Doorn, vice-president of the Long Island Lighting Company, testified that the company had paid $100,000 in premiums on the life-insurance policies of its president, E. L. Phillips, as well as fire-insurance premiums on the Phillips mansion at Plandome, Long Island, and taxes thereon of $10,000 and $11,800, respectively, in 1928 and 1929. The next day Mr. Phillips testified that this was an error—these items, he said, had not been charged to the company. The public should be interested in finding out which statement was correct, and why such flat contradictions appear in the testimony of these two high-priced executives of the same company, one of whom appears convicted at least of ignorance concerning the affairs of his company. It was likewise brought out that a portion of a dock which had disappeared was included in the valution for fixing rates; that a brick yard which cost the company $65,000 in 1924 had been valued at $250,000. These are typical examples of utility legerdemain.

In New Jersey a protest movement against electric rates is gathering momentum. That it has the active support of the Downtown Merchants' Association of Newark, the New Jersey Hotel Men's Association, and similar business groups, is significant. The Newark *Star-Eagle,* which is conducting an able editorial campaign, has pointed out that the Public Service Gas and Electric Company's dividends on its common stock were 12.5 per cent in 1928, 14 per cent in 1929, 22.5 per cent in 1930, and 16 per cent in 1931. The common stock is owned by the Public Service Corporation, a holding company which controls the light and power supply in 221 municipalities. This corporation in 1929 had a 40 per cent ratio of net profits to gross sales. In 1932 this had risen to 43 per cent. These profits are in turn passed on to the United Corporation, the great Morgan utility superholding company.

New Jersey is handicapped by the usual type of public-utilities commission, which has remained supine in the face of these unconscionable profits, and now, confronted with an aroused public opinion, offers as the only solution a valuation investigation for which the public is expected to raise $100,000. The public is always the victim of these Fabian tactics. The usual procedure in such cases is for the inquiry to drag out for years stubbornly contested at every point by the utilities and further obstructed by the courts, with the prospect that at the end of that period the companies will seek to maintain that the lapse of time since the survey was undertaken has so altered conditions that its findings are no longer valid.

Throughout the country, State public-utilities commissions did not hesitate during the rising prices of the World War, arbitrarily and without investigation, to grant "emergency" rate increases on request of the companies. No valid excuse exists for not applying the same procedure now in behalf of the consumer. But at this point the courts may be expected to succor the utilities by declaring such procedure "confiscatory" and without "due process of law." Counsel for the power companies in New York are jubilant over the recent stay granted by the Court of Appeals at Albany against an order of the Public Service Commission directing the Rockland Power and Light Company to file a temporary schedule of reduced rates. Almost the best that the public can hope for out of the stacked deck with which it is compelled to play is a slight "voluntary" reduction by the companies which will not materially diminish the prevailing rate extortion. A 50 per cent diminution in domestic rates would approximate the "fair and equitable" return which the statutes provide.

It is becoming an old story. How old may be deduced from a passage in Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It," written twenty years ago—and as pertinent today as when written. Reviewing his public service, including his four terms as mayor of Toledo, Mr. Whitlock formulated "three generalizations." The first was that "whatever the mere form of local government, our cities were directly ruled by those small coteries we had come to call political machines; the second, that these machines ruled the cities for the benefit of public-utility corporations; and the third, that the legal power through which this was accomplished was derived from legislatures controlled by the same persons in the same interests." His conclusion is likewise valid—with the added validity of the cumulative experience of intervening years—public ownership.

Flight from the City

WORD comes from Detroit that Henry Ford, precursor in and initiator of several great trends of the century, is moving toward the decentralization of his industry. Like other manufacturers, he has found that in hard times it is cheaper to have many small plants some of which can be shut entirely than to operate a large factory on part time or with a skeleton force. But well before industrial depression laid its blight upon us, fear had been expressed in the realm of big business that centralization might have gone too far, or at least too fast.

The past three or four years have seen an interruption of the long-continuing movement from country to city and striking progress in the reverse direction. Farm population in the United States, which decreased from 31,614,000 in 1920 to 30,445,000 in 1930, is estimated to amount now to 32,000,000, the largest in our history. Most of those newly repatriated on the land are persons without employment, seeking relief from city expenses and perhaps a living from the soil. To some extent this is a tragedy, for, as Secretary Wallace says, many men without experience or money are trying to make a living where trained agriculturists with capital have failed. Though the movement from the city to the farm can hardly be permanent, there is an exodus of city workers to country districts for the purpose of carrying

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on their old work in new environment which is more significant and likely to continue. Indeed, this tendency antedates the depression era, though obscured previously by counteracting factors. Manufacture, especially of a heavy sort, has for a good while been withdrawing slowly from the big cities, where it has no logical place, to roomier and cheaper sites.

Residents have been fleeing the more congested centers too. In New York City the borough of Manhattan has been losing population ever since 1910. People have been moving into the outlying boroughs of the city and into the suburbs, where more light, air, and room are to be had for equal or less money. This hegira from Manhattan has been greatly accentuated by the business depression. Vacant apartments in New York City as a whole increased from 12 per cent in the spring of 1932 to 14.4 per cent a year later, but desertions were heaviest in Manhattan. With only a fourth of the city's population it has half of the vacant apartments, a percentage of vacancy three times as high as that of Brooklyn.

In a sense the American city has defeated itself, and Manhattan is a striking example of that defeat. Every new high building on the island has risen at the expense of those below it. Twenty-story offices have cut off the light and air of those of ten stories, forty-story structures have done the same for twenty-story buildings, and sixty-story skyscrapers have completed the havoc. The failure of New York years ago properly to limit the height of its buildings has brought it to pass that in considerable sections of Manhattan thousands of offices lower than the tenth floor are practically cellars. Streets have become impassable with automobiles, sidewalks are overcrowded with pedestrians, and it has been impossible to build subways fast enough to meet congestion.

It used to be said that real-estate values in New York City would never decline, a boast based on neither logic nor experience. London found values declining in some of its central districts, notably the famous Bloomsbury quarter, known to many American visitors, before the World War. Optimistic property-owners are predicting a return of Manhattan real estate to the extraordinary values of 1929. Probably nothing of the kind will ever take place. There are signs that the disintegration of great metropolitan centers is a phenomenon that will continue even if the industrial depression is overcome. People are realizing the folly of living without adequate sun or air, and in the midst of inescapable dirt and noise, in our more congested areas. The suburb has not solved the city problem. The next and more hopeful evolution is country districts where homes and places of work will go together. Then the city may take its proper place as a center practically devoid of both homes and factories, consisting chiefly of offices, department and specialty stores, banks, hotels and clubs, and important places of education and amusement.

Through the lean years of the depression the soaring monolith of the Empire State Building has stood against the Manhattan skyline, a monument of imagination and technology but so largely untenanted that as a commercial venture it has been a warning to the most optimistic and the most daring. It would be idle to predict that it may pass into history as the loftiest building of its kind, but it is possible to suggest that it may remain such for years to come.

Nazi Unification

ALFRED HUGENBERG, the man who was chiefly responsible for the appointment by Hindenburg of Adolf Hitler to the Chancellorship of the Reich, has received his walking papers. His party, the National Front, formerly the German Nationalist People's Party, has been forced to announce its voluntary dissolution. The ministerial posts held by the multi-millionaire publisher have been given to Walter Darre, National Socialist peasant leader, and to a political nonentity named Kurt Schmitt, who will be assisted by the Nazi theoretician, Gottfried Feder. The owner of more than a hundred newspapers has been retired to the darkness of political obscurity, a hopelessly discredited man. The Centrist Party, submitting to the inevitable, instructed its chairman, Dr. Brüning, to negotiate with Hitler to secure as many concessions as possible in the "voluntary dissolution" of that party, which will be the last step toward the solidification of National Socialist power. Like the Hugenberg party, the members of the Catholic Center will be invited to join the Nazi ranks, where they will be tolerated, suspected, watched, and treated generally as members of a second and distinctly inferior class. The dissolution of the Centrist Party will bring to a close the period of open struggle for supremacy over opposition political and economic organizations. What Herr Sauckel, Reichstatthalter and district leader of the Nazi Congress in Thuringia, called the "totality of National Socialism" has been achieved.

> I order you [he cried out at that time] to be intolerant against all who are not with us. . . . In the struggles that are to come we will see to it that the youth of Germany belongs to National Socialism only, and to Adolf Hitler. Political intolerance is the necessary concomitant of unity in national thought and action. There must be no discussion of those things that touch the foundations of the life and existence of the German people.

The period of Nazi rule now beginning will be characterized by an extreme nervousness that will express itself in the persecution of all who dare doubt or resent National Socialist methods. Hitler's speeches and those of his subordinate leaders indicate the approach of a new wave of Nazi intolerance that will sweep everything before it. The leader of the Nazi youth movement, Von Schirach, under whose direction all youth organizations of Germany have been placed, has announced that "all youth societies which place themselves in opposition to the revolutionary wave of Germany's youth and are unwilling to carry the fight against the capitalist order to a successful conclusion will be wiped from the face of the earth." Hitler himself, in a speech delivered in Erfurt, announced his intention of "taking the children from those parents who cannot be persuaded to adapt themselves to the new socialist mode of living, and training them along lines necessary for the maintenance of the German people."

It is significant that Göring, hitherto one of the most vicious of Nazi terrorists, and generally acknowledged to be one of the most important figures in the new regime, is no longer looked upon as belonging to the extremist element, but is now among the more moderate leaders of his party. The removal and imprisonment by his secret police of the four prominent National Socialist officials, Cordeman, von

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Marwitz, Wolf, and Zucker, "for propagating socialist demands and thereby interfering with the industrial and economic policies of the Führer," speaks in unmistakable language. In a speech made in Berlin a few days ago Dr. Goebbels referred to the "animosity that our attitude toward the Jew has called forth in other countries."

> What reason has the world to believe [he asked] that we love the Jew? Have we not always, since the beginning of our party's existence, openly stated the course we intended to pursue with the Jews of Germany? If they did not believe us, that is their affair. We will continue along the course prescribed by our program, and no power on earth can change it until we have carried it to its logical conclusion.

In the light of these statements by an influential Minister, the announcement by Dr. Frick, Minister of the Interior, of proposed legislation for "the sterilization of all diseased and socially undesirable individuals" assumes a menacing significance. The new Minister for Agriculture, Darre, who has made the study of the race question his specialty, recently published an editorial in the Nazi press in which he defended the sterilization of all Jews as "alone consistent with National Socialist policies." Defenders of the National Socialist regime in this and other countries have frequently insisted that the anti-Semitic drive of the German government is directed only against lawyers, physicians, professors, and other professionals. That this is not the case is proved by the order excluding Jewish workers from the Labor Front, the labor-union organization of the fascist state. They will be permitted to organize—as Jews—in a sort of secondary body, which will have, however, only a "social status" and will enjoy neither representation in the labor unions nor any other economic or political rights. It is highly significant that the coming political disqualification of the Jew first makes its appearance in the field of manual labor.

Does this campaign for the totality of Nazi rule mean that henceforward there will be no opposition to the Hitler regime? Certainly not. On every hand opposition elements are mustering their shattered forces into organizations for a fight against the present dictatorship. The underground groups of the Communist movement are beginning to function. A long and difficult process of reconstruction, a process that will take years of untiring work and countless sacrifices, lies before the German labor movement. The Social Democracy, with the most conciliatory of its leaders in the Hitler concentration camps, is organizing for resistance from Prague and Saarbrücken. In the Saar district it is publishing a daily newspaper, in Prague a weekly. With what success this belated opposition will work remains to be seen. Only the most incorrigible optimist will believe that the German Social Democracy will ever be restored to active life.

More immediate is the threat of the Junker opposition and that of the Catholic church, which will organize an underground but none the less determined campaign against the present rulers of the country. The labor movement, for the time being, is powerless; liberalism, always weak and ineffectual in Germany, is dead. It is an ironic comment on the revolution of 1918 that fifteen years after its inception the only strong and determined opposition to terror and fascist banditry comes from those dark powers of reaction and superstition which, in that year, but for the weakness of the working class, might have been permanently overthrown.

Successful Opera

THE New York Hippodrome, once the Mecca of the less sophisticated visitors from out of town, has been for years the most notorious white elephant of the amusement world. Nothing seemed capable of drawing audiences large enough to make it pay, and now, in the summer following the most disastrous theatrical season of years, one would naturally expect to find it a cavernous void. On the contrary, it was nearly filled for some weeks recently, and on at least one Saturday night a double queue extended in opposite directions down Sixth Avenue. The attraction, ladies and gentlemen, was not a 100 per cent talking super-feature called either "The Fires of Passion" or "Loose Hips," but grand opera—"Aida," "Faust," and the rest of the standard repertory—presented with an admission scale which included unreserved places at twenty-five, thirty-five, and fifty cents.

Some months ago when we commented upon the cry of distress sent up by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, we remarked that they were a bit late in turning only then, in the hour of need, to that vast public which had never before received more than a stepchild's welcome in their great temple of art. We contended that if their aim was merely to conduct an after-dinner club for the fashionable, then they had no business appealing to the great public for support, but that if they really wanted to draw that public in, then they had better acknowledge the fact that they had never previously shown any inclination to consider the needs of that public and, in addition, had better promise to behave differently in the future.

The new phenomenon seems to indicate that we were right—at least in maintaining that there is a public ready to make opera pay, with a fair chance—and we suggest that the authorities at the "Met" consider carefully the policy of the "Hip." According to a reporter of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who interviewed him, the business manager of the latter institution is a Chicagoan who has had no previous experience as a grand-opera impresario and confesses that he is more than a little surprised at the resounding success of his enterprise. He had leased the Hippodrome for movies, but found that they did not pay.

The explanation of the whole matter is, of course, that grand opera really belongs in the class of popular entertainment. Since it is not indigenous here, there has always been some disposition to regard it as esoteric, and the Metropolitan has done all in its power to foster this delusion, as well as to convey the impression that it could not be worthily performed without paying such prodigious salaries as to render necessary the support of the very rich. The truth is that most opera—for which many modern musicians express considerable contempt—is light music very nearly at its best, with the additional attraction of a spectacle and other florid charms. It is said that at the Hippodrome a good many "lowbrows" are now mingled with the company of those who used to stand in weary clusters about the back of the Metropolitan's auditorium or peer down from the dizzy heights of its top gallery. There is no reason to be surprised at the fact. If grand opera cannot be popular in America, there is little reason for subsidizing it as though it were a symphony orchestra. But in New York, at least, it can be made popular.

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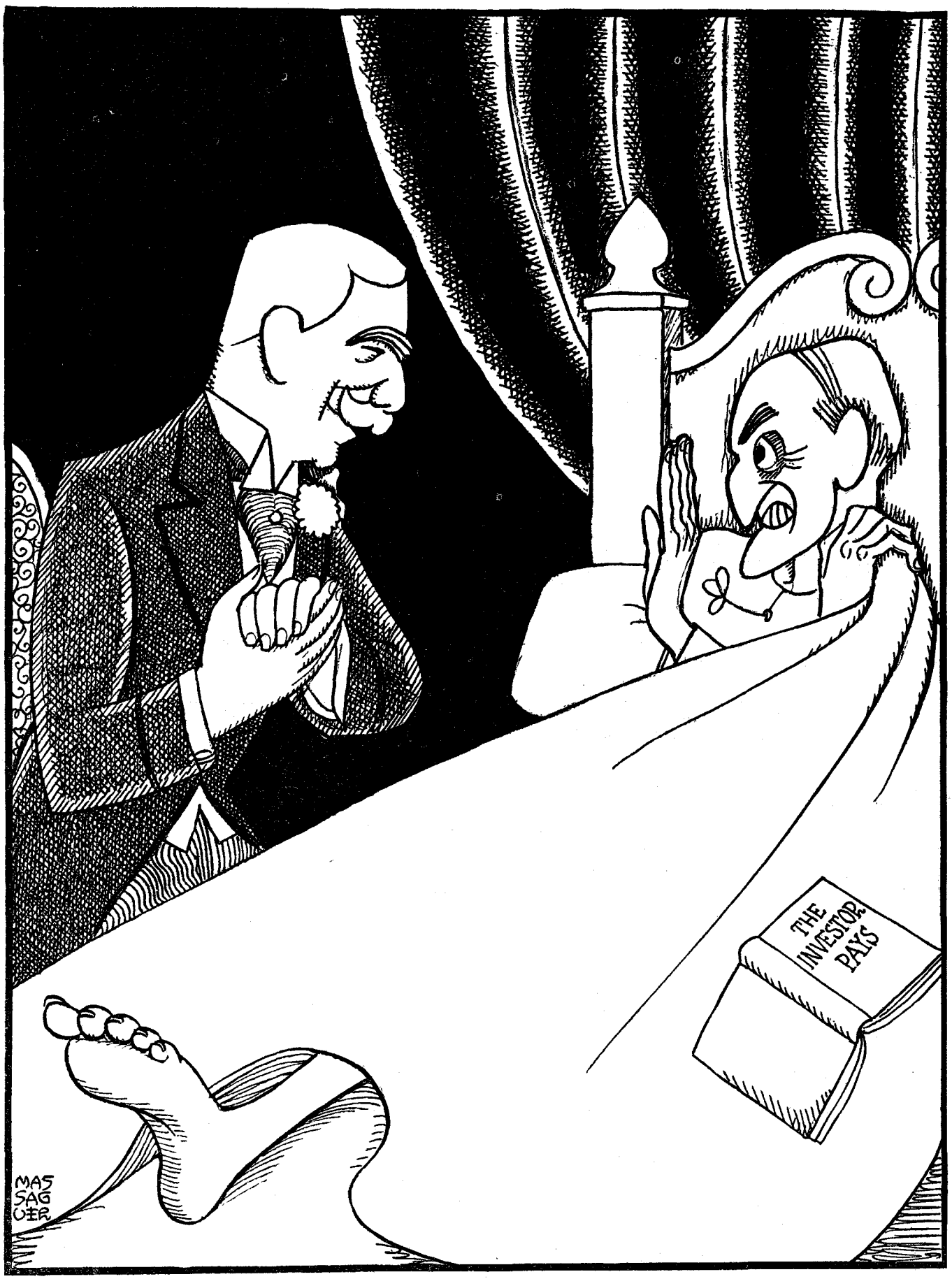

The Bedside Manner

Otto H. Kahn testifying: "It has long been our policy . . . to establish a reputation which would make clients feel that if they have a problem of a financial nature Kuhn, Loeb and Company is a pretty good doctor to go to."

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Walter Lippmann
II. "The New Tammany"

By AMOS PINCHOT

IN 1927, when Alfred E. Smith loomed as a candidate for the Democratic nomination, Walter Lippmann had charge of the editorial page of the New York *World*, the principal Democratic newspaper in the East. Three barriers, each seemingly more fatal to his chances than the other, stood between Mr. Smith and the Presidency—his Catholicism, his opposition to prohibition, and the fact that he had for many years been an integral part of the Tammany organization.

Now, since Mr. Smith and Tammany were as inseparable in the public mind as Siamese twins, it became evident that the only way to remove the Tammany curse from the Governor was to transform the Wigwam into something which, politically speaking, would pass for an asset instead of a liability. This thaumaturgical feat Mr. Lippmann undertook to perform in a series of editorials in which he traced Tammany's history from the days of its admittedly questionable past down to 1927, when, according to Mr. Lippmann, it underwent a miraculous change under the leadership of such men as John R. Voorhis, George W. Olvany, and James J. Walker.

After touching frankly on the era when Tammany "won and deserved a bad reputation," first with Tweed and then with Croker in the saddle, Mr. Lippmann writes in his editorial of December 11, 1927:

> The Tammany Society, John R. Voorhis, Grand Sachem, and the Tammany Hall, George W. Olvany, leader, which have just parted with their common home on Fourteenth Street and are about to move uptown, belong to the third period of the organization. Following Croker, after a brief triumvirate, Charles F. Murphy was at first as hard-boiled a politician as Tammany leaders had been wont to be, but toward the end of his long rule he accepted and cooperated with the New Tammany which was growing up under such leaders as Governor Smith, Senator Wagner, Mayor Walker, and the present legislative leaders of the party. It is a Tammany suited to the more general spread of popular education, a thing unknown in 1789 and mainly confined to the rudiments of the three R's in 1871, when New York had no public high school. It is a Tammany beginning to be more highly regarded in the country at large. Its move uptown after sixty years in Fourteenth Street may be taken as appropriate to its altered viewpoint, as representing a great national party in our greatest city, and to the altered bearing of the country toward its own activities. Tammany moves not only uptown but up.

Thus, while our Merlin of Journalism beams from his magic casement in the Pulitzer Building, intoning editorial incantations, the *World* readers see the grisly tiger shed its stripes and become the faithful St. Bernard dog of the Sunday-school books—little keg and all. They watch the old Tammany become "the New Tammany." And even Charlie Murphy stands in awe, while, consonant with the spirit of education, the Tammany braves move their Wigwam three blocks uptown.

On what evidence Mr. Lippmann bases this transformation, I do not know. I should like very much to ask him. I should like to have him tell, even if in a general way, what facts he had in mind when he drew this comforting picture, at the very moment when, quite as plunderous as in the days of Tweed and Croker, Tammany was wrecking the city's finances in fresh bursts of graft and extravagance. Tammany has moved up, announces Mr. Lippmann. What does he mean by that? For the record shows that if Tammany moved at all, it was certainly not upward. With Olvany presiding at the Wigwam, with Curry's man Walker in the City Hall, with Smith quiescent and seemingly out of tune with the organization, and with Wagner, never a real part of it, away in Washington, Mr. Lippmann's enlightened Tammany was making what will long stand as a record for sheer administrative obscenity.

But what bliss, what resounding laughter in the Wigwam, which for all its uptown quarters still stank with its old downtown smell! The liberal editor of the New York *World* licking the tiger's sores and giving him a clean bill of health, while the braves applaud in the background!

By 1927 Mr. Lippmann should have been a competent newspaperman. He had worked with Steffens in his investigation of city corruption. He had been secretary to a radical mayor in Schenectady. He had been on the staff of *Everybody's Magazine* in the muckraking days. He had served on the New York *World* for six years, under a truly great editor, the late Frank Cobb, and had been in charge of the editorial page for four. It was strange that he should not know the truth about Tammany. For it was known to every seasoned newspaperman in town.

Nevertheless, whatever Tammany may or may not be, Mr. Lippmann's candidate for the Presidency is Mr. Smith. Consequently, Mr. Lippmann continues his lustral and purifying rites, to the end that the somewhat unsavory albatross that dangled from the Governor's neck might be changed by his enchantments into a living bird of paradise. So on goes "the New Tammany" saga, which reaches its height about a month before the Presidential election in 1928. On September 10 of that year Mr. Lippmann editorially brands as "demagogic, grossly unjust, and demonstrably untrue" a statement by the federal Assistant Attorney General that Tammany is "an organization that for underworld connections and political efficiency is matched no place else in America." He contends that Mayor Walker has an "indisputable right to resent" such a statement. He praises the city government as "in effect commission government." In the vein of a booster lauding his home town at a chamber-of-commerce luncheon, he insists that under Tammany "New York is a good city to visit and a good city to live in."

On September 24, 1928, he continues his celebration of the Wigwam's rebirth, and charges with hypocrisy all partisan persons who use the word Tammany as an epithet:

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> The epithet "Tammany" in this campaign is employed by two sorts of people. By those who do not know the facts of Governor Smith's career and by those who do know them.
>
> Those who do not know the facts are also of two sorts. These are the persons who honestly believe that Tammany today is the Tammany of Tweed and Croker. They believe it lives chiefly by collecting graft from prostitution. They are exactly as well informed as the backwoods Republicans who still believe that the Democracy is the party of Jefferson Davis and that the Republicans are the party of General Sherman and the carpet-baggers. . . . Much more important are the deliberate falsifiers. We mean those New York Republicans who know the facts [about Tammany] and continue to misrepresent them.

Except in Mr. Lippmann's imagination, Tammany had not changed in the slightest degree; it never does change. In 1928 just as in Tweed's and Croker's times, Tammany operated, as it does now, on a simple principle, from which it never deviates by a hair's breadth. It performs services, at a price, for the needy rich—who require favors, privileges, and immunities which neither the law nor public decency allows and who therefore tolerate Tammany. And with a part, a very small part, of the proceeds of such transactions, and of the profits from its own peculiar grafts, it buys the political allegiance of the needy poor. In a sense, it functions as a business rather than a political institution, since its political activities are incidental to its larger purpose of raking in cash for itself and its friends. That is Tammany; that always will be Tammany, unless some profound upheaval tears it up by the roots, which are large graft and relatively small charity. And yet Mr. Lippmann, apparently with conviction, and certainly with a solemnity almost Johnsonian, informs his devoted readers that only the ignorant are unaware of its reformation.

At this point let me make it clear that I do not charge that in writing this drivel—for despite its air of authority and sweet reasonableness, it is nothing but drivel—Mr. Lippmann is trying to deceive his readers. That is not the point. The point is that when he writes he is not looking at the facts, but at what he believes to be the requirements of his thesis. And so it is that, when he deals with Tammany, or big business, or the banks, or the trusts, or the foreign-debt question, he is never an objective writer. He is, on the contrary, an exceedingly prejudiced writer, whose special pleading is hidden under an illusion of objectivity conveyed by a leisurely and persuasive manner. Without doubt he writes clearly, or at least gives the impression of clarity. But does he think clearly? When a writer dodges or incontinently flees from such facts as might wreck his theories, there is involved, I imagine, an intellectual disturbance that is far from conducive to clear thought.

For the political purposes of the Smith campaign Mr. Lippmann requires a regenerate Tammany. There being no such thing, he proceeds to create one out of the ribs of Murphy, Walker, and Olvany. This, fortunately, is no new task for Mr. Lippmann. For, as we have seen, he has already performed a similar one in "Drift and Mastery," and again in "A Preface to Morals," when, in order to prove his thesis of a regenerate big business, he peopled his Wall Street Eden with disinterested bankers and trust magnates who spurn the profit motive.

Whatever may have been the political influence of the New Tammany editorials, they seem to have had no disillusioning effect on Mr. Lippmann's readers. To the congregation of aspiring philistines for whom Mr. Lippmann was fast becoming the Fortieth Article of the faith, thinking for one's self is, at best, a dubious pastime. So they swallowed the New Tammany with its repentant sinners just as they had swallowed the new Wall Street with its disinterested saints.

Let us turn the clock forward to October, 1931. A local campaign is progressing in New York City, and a national Presidential convention is nine months distant. Tammany's so often probed sores are being reopened by Mr. Seabury, and are showing precisely the same state of putrifaction which each previous inquiry has revealed. Mr. Lippmann, the New York *World* having become extinct, is now the columnist of the *Herald Tribune,* in which capacity he is virtuously denouncing Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has succeeded Mr. Smith both as Governor and as leading candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. But what is the reproach that Mr. Lippmann hurls against the Governor? Why, in Mr. Lippmann's eyes, is Franklin Roosevelt so tragically unfitted for the Presidency? Incredible as it may seem, it is that he is temporizing with Tammany, instead of defying and breaking with it. And now we find that Tammany is no longer the New Tammany which Mr. Lippmann constructed for the purpose of the Smith campaign. It is the old, sordid, wicked Tammany, with which honest men can have no truck at all. So that this sad lament is wrung from the breast of the columnist:

> The political campaign now being conducted in New York is proceeding in an atmosphere of listless degradation. . . . Governor Roosevelt pursues his carefully calculated course of doing just precisely as much as he has to, and not one bit more than he has to, toward facilitating the exposure of corruption in New York. . . . In the last ten years there has been generally in the United States a remarkable indifference to the maintenance of public standards, a dying down of the old popular fervor in attacking corruption.

Mr. Lippmann's own popular fervor, however, rises nobly to the occasion. And he accuses the Governor of almost every political iniquity. He is "carrying water on both shoulders." He is placating warring elements in the Democratic Party by "two-faced platitudes" and "private assurances." He has "lost his moral freedom. He is so heavily mortgaged to Tammany that he must prove his independence of it. . . . The trouble with Franklin D. Roosevelt is that his mind is not very clear, his purposes are not simple, and his methods are not direct."

And as Roosevelt forges ahead in the race, his alleged connection with Tammany becomes more scandalous in the sight of Walter Lippmann, and the city government, "discredited from the top down," increasingly disreputable. What has become of the New Tammany, the "moved-up" Tammany of yesteryear? Alas, it is no more. And an "ignorant and predatory political machine" which is guilty of "a brazen exploitation of the gullibility of the people" has taken its place.

However, let us not judge Mr. Lippmann unkindly. Let us concede that these moral morsels come straight from the bottom of his heart, and that, ordinarily a mild man, he has turned Savonarola only in the high cause of stopping Roosevelt. But let us not concede too fast. For another

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transformation is taking place. And on October 7 he announces with quiet dignity: "I shall vote cheerfully for Governor Roosevelt."

So whatever we may or may not have in Mr. Lippmann, we must at least admit that he is one of the most entertaining men of his time.

[*The third article in Mr. Pinchot's series on Walter Lippmann will appear in next week's issue.*]

The Recovery Machine Starts

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, June 27

IT has now been almost a fortnight since the National Recovery Administration formally opened for business. This newest branch of the government, with General Hugh S. Johnson at its head, is to exercise in the name of the President the vast power over industry and labor conferred upon him in the National Industrial Recovery Act. Everything seems in readiness for the titanic task of putting business back on an even keel—to use a phrase much in vogue in the early days of the crisis. The recovery administration has taken over a section of the mammoth Department of Commerce building. A publicity division has been organized, one of the largest of its kind in the government service. General Johnson and his corps of personal assistants are at work. Experts of all sorts, college professors, business executives, labor economists, union officials, and others have been brought together to help in the task. Advisory boards representing—by Presidential decree—the workers, the consumers, and industry itself have been named and have taken their proper places in the organization. Yet the machine has been woefully slow in getting started.

When President Roosevelt signed the recovery bill on June 16, he said it was his hope "that the ten major industries which control the bulk of industrial employment can submit their simple basic codes at once and that the country can look forward to the month of July as the beginning of our great national movement back to work." Until now only one group, the cotton-textile industry, has submitted its code, or set of rules by which it hopes to govern itself and thus achieve stability, and as was to have been expected, this first code was not in acceptable form. It is now being subjected to public hearings. Afterwards it will go to the experts and perhaps back to the cotton-textile industry itself for revision. And then it must go to the White House for the President's approval. A long and tedious process.

But if Mr. Roosevelt's hope that the larger industries would take speedy action has not been realized, the publicity given the recovery bill and the glowing statements attending its passage have had other and more positive results. An army of financiers, big-business executives, small manufacturers, retail merchants, lawyers, publicity agents, and others have descended upon Washington. Du Pont, American Telephone and Telegraph, the Union Pacific Railroad, the Endicott-Johnson Corporation, the Bankers Trust Company of New York, International Harvester, Lambert Pharmacal, Remington Rand, Missouri Pacific, General Motors, Kennecott Copper, General Electric, United States Steel, Standard Oil of New Jersey, California Fruit Growers, the First National Bank of Chicago, Goldman Sachs, the Weyerhäuser lumber interests, Reynolds Tobacco, and Sears, Roebuck, among many others, have sent their chairmen or presidents to this city. Others have high-priced corporation lawyers representing them. Lesser interests have hired Washington attorneys to advise them how to proceed.

Any number of lawyers here are openly soliciting such business. At the same time several "information agencies" have been organized by persons anxious to profit financially from the confusion attending the preliminary administration of the recovery law. Most of these agencies are fly-by-night affairs that no one need take seriously. In quite another category is the National Industrial Advisory Corporation, formed by the notorious Sherman Corporation. It calls itself "a private corporation organized to assist in promoting the principles of the National Industrial Recovery Act." New trade associations hastily organized under such auspices will bear close watching, as at least a few of General Johnson's assistants realize. More important is the labor angle. The recovery law has as one of its avowed purposes the protection of the workers against the sharp practices of unscrupulous employers. It is worth recalling that the Sherman Corporation has in the past directed its energies primarily toward breaking up unions and hiring out strike-breakers and labor spies. It has specialized in setting up welfare associations, "employee-representation" plans, and other devices to prevent workers in many industries from establishing and maintaining their own organizations.

While many industries and trades have been discussing the code problem among themselves, they have had no clear-cut principles or policies by which they might guide themselves. Every "code of fair competition" must be approved by the President before it can be put into effect, but neither from the White House nor from the National Recovery Administration has come any statement exactly defining what will and what will not be acceptable. This was probably inevitable, for the Roosevelt experiment is being undertaken in an uncharted field; but it has nevertheless put a brake on the recovery machine's operations. The economists and other experts called in to help with the experiment have had to devote most of their time to receiving endless delegations of small manufacturers, retailers, and spokesmen for the "weaker" industries, and to answering thousands of queries from business men that come in by mail and telegraph. But the business men have not been interested so much in knowing what the law says as they have been in trying to determine what the President will consider a "fair code of competition." They have been invariably told, after being advised as to the limitations of the law, to submit their own ideas on this point and to leave it to the experts, the several advisory boards, and the President to say whether or not their suggested codes are acceptable.

There are other reasons why a strong and aggressive policy has not yet been adopted. For one thing, General

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Johnson has been at pains to give no offense to business. He believes, he has said, that cooperation should be obtained without coercion and that the initiative should come from within industry itself. Industry, however, has been hesitant about taking the initiative; it has been reluctant to commit itself to a definite series of codes which will have the force of law once they are approved. It is not that industry as a whole is unfavorably disposed toward the recovery act, for of that there is no evidence; but the larger and stronger industries are proceeding cautiously lest they bind themselves to a greater extent than is absolutely necessary. Again, there has been in progress behind the scenes a terrific struggle for control of the recovery machinery. Secretary of Commerce Roper and one or two other members of the Cabinet Advisory Board have been maneuvering to place that body in a position where it might exercise final authority. In this contest big business has openly supported Roper. For the moment a truce of a dubious sort has been arranged, the Cabinet board having acknowledged Johnson's authority. But the real significance of the truce will not be known until one of the monopoly industries—steel or electrical equipment, for example—brings in its code. Then we shall witness a test of strength that will decide once and for all whether monopoly capitalism or the interest of the small manufacturer and shopkeeper is to dictate administration policies.

There is hardly any doubt that the little business men and the weaker trades and industries will be compelled to knuckle down. They have no great financial power, no banking support to compare with that which United States Steel or General Electric enjoy; and they are either not organized at all or very loosely organized. These smaller industries may, however, prove troublesome. The other day, for example, a delegation from one of them sought to convince recovery-administration officials that the wage system in their industry was so complicated that it was hopeless to attempt to fix a minimum wage. A few questions revealed that they were hoping to obtain government sanction for the pauper wages they were paying.

The tightly organized monopoly industries will present an entirely different problem. In aluminum, steel, electrical equipment, telephones, and several other industries competition is already strictly regulated by the one or two giant corporations at the top and by the Morgans, Mellons, and other powerful banking houses that control them. The few small independent companies remaining in these fields have long since learned to play the game. It is hardly likely that they will complain, though given a chance to do so at public hearings. Thus the many glaring abuses existing in these industries will probably not be brought out. To do that would require the recovery administration to take a positive and courageous attitude, but there is no indication that it means to do so. A few officials connected with the administration, particularly Secretaries Ickes and Perkins and some of the labor advisers, are looking forward eagerly to the battle with the monopoly industries, but even they are none too hopeful of the eventual outcome. If General Johnson continues to insist that industry be allowed as much leeway as practicable, it will simply mean that the monopoly industries, which are strongly organized, will continue to regulate themselves as they have done in the past, while the weaker industries must by virtue of their weakness submit to government regulation.

On the other hand, it appears that labor will be left alone to work out its own problems. The recovery act says that the workers "shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, in the designation of such representatives or in self-organization or in other concerted activities for the purpose of collective bargaining or other mutual aid or protection." President Roosevelt has called this a "new charter of rights long sought and hitherto denied." Technically this description may be accurate, but in practice it may turn out quite otherwise. The law does not presume to tell an industry or corporation that it must deal with this or that particular union. Indeed, employers are not in any sense compelled to deal directly with the workers. The recovery act simply says that if no mutual agreement as to wages and hours can be reached in a given industry, the President may then "prescribe a limited code of fair competition fixing such maximum hours of labor, minimum rates of pay, and other conditions of employment . . . as he finds to be necessary."

Big business, at least at the moment, is not averse to letting the President or the recovery administration exercise this power. Except for a few marginal producers and sweat-shop operators, almost everyone seems to be agreed that purchasing power must be increased and that this can best be done by a more equitable division of the available jobs through the establishment of maximum working hours and minimum wage rates within individual industries. Some representatives of big business who are here now frankly admit that unless the total purchasing power of the nation is soon increased—they speak in terms of weeks rather than years or even months—the whole economic structure will be endangered. With them, therefore, the basic issue is not whether wages shall be stabilized and hours of labor curtailed, but whether this can be done without yielding any real power to the workers. In brief, what big business fears most is that the recovery machinery may be used to help build a strong and independent labor movement.

But on this point the monopolists and bankers need have no fear. The recovery administration does not intend to go into the business of organizing unions or of promoting unionization. Nor is it going out of its way to encourage collective bargaining, though a few of the labor advisers may do so upon their own responsibility. The American Federation of Labor has taken advantage of the law to drum up trade for itself. It is reported, for example, that the United Mine Workers of America, headed by John L. Lewis, who has so often in the past sold out to the coal operators, have added at least 100,000 new members in the last several weeks. The Detroit Federation of Labor, headed by Frank X. Martel, whose record is certainly no better than that of Lewis, is said to be active in organizing the automobile workers. In other directions as well the Federation of Labor has been extending itself. Yet it can hardly be held that a labor movement dominated by Matthew Woll, Mike Flynn, John Lewis, and their kind is ever likely to furnish effective protection for labor. Looking farther afield, we find a complete lack of aggressive, competent, and honest working-class leadership, and without such leadership the worker can scarcely hope to benefit by President Roosevelt's "new charter of rights." Instead we find leaders like Tom McMahon,

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president of the United Textile Workers of America, an A. F. of L. union, who took part in the preparation of the cotton-textile code and offered no protest when the mill owners wrote a $10-a-week minimum wage into that code.

Even the A. F. of L. is neither wanted nor trusted in some industries. Steel is an outstanding example. The moment the recovery act was signed, many steel companies hurriedly set up "joint committees" and other disguised forms of company unions. This they obviously did to head off A. F. of L. and other union organizers. The labor experts connected with the recovery administration are divided on the question of whether wage agreements with these unions can lawfully be recognized. One of the experts frankly declared that if the "joint committees" are approved by the workers, and there is no protest, and no charges of coercion are brought against the companies, "the administration will not be disposed to interfere."

Thus far, in any event, the recovery administration, as distinguished from the various advisory boards working with it, has allowed its judgment to be influenced by the point of view of the business community. There is evidence, indeed, that the reactionary labor crowd and a few industrialists and bankers have actually dominated the administration up to now. The first public-relations counsel appointed by the administration was John J. Leary, Jr., former labor reporter for the New York *World*. Leary has in the past worked hand-in-glove with the Woll-Flynn faction, conspiring with them at A. F. of L. conventions to suppress liberal and more trustworthy labor factions. In connection with an article of his which appeared in a recent magazine, Leary proudly advertised himself as a protege of Gerard Swope, president of General Electric, one of the monopolistic giants of the country. Leary was finally removed after Laurence Todd, correspondent of the Federated Press, had revealed his record. Gerard Swope himself has been very much in evidence. During the public hearings on the cotton-textile code he had several confidential and intimate conversations with General Johnson. He has also been named permanent chairman of the executive committee of big business men appointed by Secretary Roper to aid him in his own recovery campaign. Finally, we do not yet know what will be the result of the struggle between big business and Roper on the one hand and the Ickes-Perkins-Richberg-Wolman faction on the other to gain control of the recovery machinery. A labor movement may develop in consequence of the recovery administration's activities, but it is certain that it will be safely capitalistic.

It Pays to Fight for Lower Rates

By O. S. DEAN

FOR a number of years no towns in the United States having a population of from 50,000 to 100,000, with the exception of three or four resort towns like Miami, Florida, and Little Rock, Arkansas, had higher electric rates than Sioux City, Iowa. Up to August, 1931, the rate per kilowatt hour for domestic use was 9 cents for the first 100 kilowatt hours. Under the Iowa law it is the duty of the City Council in each community to fix public-utility rates; the Sioux City Council had fixed 9 cents per kilowatt hour as a maximum, and the Sioux City Gas and Electric Company imposed that rate on domestic users, charging commercial users almost any rate less than that figure that the business would bear.

After a good deal of agitation for reduction in rates, the utility company, in July, 1931, announced with great display of virtue a reduction to 8⅓ cents for the first 12 kilowatt hours, with a $1 minimum, 8 cents for the next 48 kilowatt hours, and 7 cents for the next 140. This was not at all satisfactory, and in 1932 several candidates ran for places on the City Council in the March biennial elections on platforms pledging themselves to support ordinances fixing lower gas and electric rates. During the campaign one of these candidates circulated a petition to the council asking that it reduce these rates "to a fair and reasonable basis, commensurate with the cost of production," and pledged himself to present this petition whether he was elected or not. Naturally, heavy utility support was thrown to the old city councilmen, all of whom were candidates for reelection. Extensive advertising was placed by the utility companies in the local papers. The old council was reelected.

The petition for lower rates, which had been signed by many hundreds of voters, was presented, as promised, to the reelected council at its first meeting after reorganization in April, 1932. However, the letter transmitting the petition was not read, and the petition was simply "received and filed," that is, completely ignored. This action aroused public opinion, and shortly afterward a Citizens' Protective Committee was formed for the purpose of securing rate-reduction by concerted action.

At first the plan was to initiate a rate ordinance as provided for by Iowa law, but it soon became apparent that such a move would only invite prolonged litigation. It was seen that every step would be bitterly contested in the courts on one technicality or another, and that there would be no prospect of a final decision for years. After several weeks' study the committee decided that the only method by which it might achieve results within a reasonable time was to go to the public with a proposal for a municipal electric plant. It decided further that while gas rates were as excessive as electric rates, certain legal aspects of the situation made it unwise to tackle the gas question. It therefore confined its efforts to striving for an electric plant.

During the summer of 1932 a petition for a municipal plant was circulated through the city. Meanwhile, in an attempt to head off the movement, the utility company announced another reduction in electric rates: the domestic base rate of 12 kilowatt hours for $1 was retained, but the second bracket was changed to 188 kilowatt hours at 7 cents. This rate went into effect in July, 1932.

On August 19, 1932, the Citizens' Protective Committee filed with the City Council a petition for a special election to vote on issuing bonds not to exceed $2,500,000 to defray the cost of building a municipal electric light and power plant and distributing system for Sioux City. More

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than 8,600 names were subscribed to this petition. Of these, 6,844—a number considerably larger than necessary—were announced by the city clerk to be the names of qualified electors, but before he had issued his certificate to that effect an injunction suit was brought against the City Council to prevent the calling of the election.

This suit was brought on August 26, 1932, in the name of one J. J. Piuser, who swore that he was a taxpayer, both real and personal; that there was a conspiracy in circulating the petition for the special election; that those circulating the petition had been paid five cents a name for obtaining signatures; that there were thousands of forgeries; and that the plaintiff would be irreparably damaged by the calling of this special election through the great increase in his taxes caused by the expense of conducting it. There being no other method of obtaining relief from this tremendous injustice, he prayed the court to grant an injunction. Without any other evidence or hearing and on this showing alone the judge granted a temporary injunction, and the question of making it permanent came up for hearing in the September term of the District Court. After the city clerk and members of the council had been put on the stand to testify concerning the presentation of the petition, the attorney for the plaintiff moved that the case be sent to a referee for determination of the facts in connection with the petition. This was vigorously objected to by attorneys for the Citizens' Protective Committee because it would cause unnecessary delay, but they were overruled by the court, and the court reporter was appointed referee to take evidence. The plaintiff, on being required to put up a bond for $5,000 for costs, promptly complied, although not long before, in divorce proceedings brought by his wife, he had sworn that he had nothing with which to pay alimony.

Hearings before the referee were started within a short time. Instead of first putting his client on the stand to qualify as a taxpayer, the plaintiff's attorney put on a handwriting expert and kept him there for more than eight months, that is, until May, 1933. The actual hearings were held only at intervals since the referee was busy much of the time with his duties as court reporter. During these hearings, which consumed ten weeks of actual time, the referee, the plaintiff's attorney, his witness, one of the city attorneys, one or more representatives of the Citizens' Protective Committee, and, most of the time, an attorney representing the committee were in attendance. Of these, the referee, the witness, and the city attorney drew their regular fees and salary. It is assumed that the plaintiff's attorney was paid by the only party that could possibly benefit by the proceedings, the utility company, for, as stated above, the plaintiff had shown in court not long before that he had no means of paying alimony to his wife. The representatives of the Citizens' Protective Committee and the attorneys who appeared for them served without compensation during all those weeks. It is significant that at the time of the service of the notices of injunction on the city officials, the City Council would not authorize the city attorneys to defend the case until the Citizens' Protective Committee had appointed counsel to represent it and work with the three city attorneys. At the same time the council made it perfectly clear that the city would not pay anything for this service.

The eight months of hearings were consumed by the attorney for the plaintiff in every possible form of attack on the signatures to the petition. Instead of the "thousands of forgeries" claimed when the suit was filed, the handwriting expert found between 300 and 400 names which he maintained were written by others than those who had signed the permanent registration cards filed in the city clerk's office, with which the names were compared to determine the signers' qualifications as electors. Every variation from the exact form in which the signatures appeared on the cards—for example, a change from initials to full first name or vice versa—was attacked, although the law does not require that any particular form of signature shall be used. Signers must be qualified electors and that is all. Nearly five thousand pages of testimony were taken during the eight months. In the intervals between sessions the handwriting expert was engaged in searching the records for more testimony, so that he was employed practically continuously. At the end of his period of service, the City Council discovered that another clerk for the Municipal Court was needed, a new office was created, and this witness, who had been on the stand for eight months in a suit against the city and against the people of Sioux City, was appointed to fill that office.

After the plaintiff's attorney had finished with this witness, he took the stand himself to establish his client's qualification as a taxpayer. For this purpose he presented a contract for a deed to a piece of property, but it was shown that no payments except the first had been made, and no taxes paid. As a matter of fact, it later developed that this contract had been canceled. The plaintiff had a tax receipt for personal taxes for 1929 and 1930—$2 or $3 each—and a *poll-tax* receipt for 1931—50 cents plus 3 cents interest and 3 cents penalty. He had no receipt for realty taxes and no personal tax receipt for 1931 or 1932. These items were paid in September, 1932, a month after the suit was filed. The attorney also presented an assessment roll dated January, 1933, showing personal property listed at $60, on one-fourth of which, or $15, taxes would be paid, but no real property.

In the original petition for injunction the plaintiff had claimed that the cost of holding the special election would be $8,000. (The last school election actually cost very close to $600.) It was his share of this $8,000, levied on him in the form of taxes, that was to cause him such irreparable damage. The truth of the matter was that if this election should cost $8,000, his share, under his 1933 assessment, would have been *less than one half of one cent*. This was the entire consideration and the only ground for the court's granting the injunction. The costs have already amounted to thousands of dollars, and the public will pay every cent in its gas and electric bills—charged to operating expense. This takes no account of the loss to the people of Sioux City through the delay in the construction of the plant.

The plaintiff's attorney rested his case on May 27, 1933. When the referee has finished writing up his notes, after returning from his summer vacation, it will be the turn of attorneys for the city and the committee to present their side of the case. Then the court will make its decision and later the case may be appealed to the Supreme Court.

In December, 1932, while these hearings were in progress, the City Council announced, apparently to curry favor with the public, that it would further reduce rates for electricity, and published a schedule similar to that used by the municipal plant at Lincoln, Nebraska, which was much

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lower than the current Sioux City schedule. This was immediately met by a temporary injunction, issued by the Federal Court in January, 1933, based on the claim that the rate was confiscatory. However, before the date set for the hearing, the council and the utility company came to a "compromise agreement," and the council passed a new ordinance fixing rates considerably higher than the Lincoln rates—5.5 cents per kilowatt hour for the first 100 kilowatt hours for domestic users. This was a decided reduction from the rate of 9 cents per kilowatt hour in force up to eighteen months before, but it was only obtained by the persistent attacks of the committee which conducted the fight. There was also some cut in commercial rates, but it was not so great as the domestic rate reduction. There is, however, no weakening in the spirit of the public opposition, and the fight will be continued until a municipal plant is obtained and Sioux City can enrol its name on the list of tax-free cities.

In the meantime, until the municipal plant is in operation, the thousands of dollars paid every day for electricity and gas in Sioux City will go to pay interest on $9,531,300 of bonds and $4,838,700 of 7 per cent preferred stock of the Sioux City Gas and Electric Company, besides $2,900,000 of common stock, a great deal of which is admitted to be "water." Until the relief of municipal ownership is obtained, the public will continue to pay and pay and pay.

[*This is the seventh of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The eighth will appear in an early issue.*]

If the London Conference Fails

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

DEVELOPMENTS at the London Economic Conference have effectively dramatized the fundamental inconsistency between the program of international cooperation sponsored by Secretary Hull and the Administration's plan for domestic recovery. There can be no question that the American delegates are faced with an inescapable dilemma. On the one hand, the United States, as the chief creditor, has a greater stake in the conference's success than any other nation. As compared with Europe our losses from the depression have been relatively heavy. Our exports have declined by three-quarters, and our imports by more than 70 per cent. Even after making allowances for the slight business revival of recent weeks, the number of our unemployed exceeds the combined totals of the five largest European countries. The shrinkage in the market value of our foreign investments is estimated to be at least eight billion dollars. It seems indisputable to the internationalist, therefore, that the gains to this country to be obtained from the resumption of world trade would be sufficient to justify any immediate sacrifice of national policy.

Many of these same facts, on the other hand, may be taken as arguments for concentrating on a national recovery program. The widespread unemployment and distress in the United States made it seem imperative for the Administration to rush through emergency measures based on domestic inflation, without waiting to tackle the more complex problems involved in international action. The abandonment of the gold standard and the subsequent grant of inflationary powers to the President provided a needed stimulus to internal prices, but greatly intensified the chaos in the international sphere. Countries remaining on the gold standard insisted, with ample justification, that there must be at least some promise of currency stabilization before it would be possible to consider a reduction of tariffs and a removal of trade barriers. But a stabilized dollar was the last thing that Washington wanted at the moment. The sharp reaction on Wall Street to rumors that the dollar had been pegged was sufficient to convince the most obtuse that such an agreement could not be reconciled with a domestic price-raising program.

Nor can the American attitude on stabilization be viewed as merely an unfortunate contradiction in a policy which is otherwise committed to a revival of the world's markets. An honest appraisal of the American policy at London forces one to admit that it has been dedicated from the beginning by nationalistic considerations. Before the conference opened, it was evident that President Roosevelt's inability to secure authority from Congress to adjust tariff rates or to negotiate a settlement of the war debts would make it difficult for the American delegates to discuss concrete measures of economic disarmament. Although the President's acceptance of "token" payments on the June 15 instalment of the war debts temporarily removed the tension which had arisen over the debt issue, the conference suffered a fresh setback when Senator Pittman repudiated the American experts' proposal for a 10 per cent reduction in world tariffs. On none of the three principal issues before the world—war debts, tariffs, monetary stability—has there been any adequate recognition in Washington of the concessions which this country, as a creditor, must make in order to lay a sound basis for the restoration of international economic activity.

That the United States is motivated by nationalist considerations is, of course, strongly denied in official circles. Assistant Secretary Moley has described the American policy as one of "economic intranationalism," a compromise between the internationalism of Secretary Hull and extreme economic nationalism. This distinction, however, is unconvincing. While there is no question that the Administration would cheerfully enter into any international accord which would not be inconsistent with its domestic program, the scope of such agreements is pitifully limited. Piecemeal measures will be of little avail as long as the basic weapons of economic nationalism are unaffected. Failure to reach effective agreements on such questions as monetary stability and trade barriers must inevitably lead to the division of the world into a number of more or less self-sufficient national or imperial units, each firmly ensconced behind impregnable tariff walls.

The very real possibility of such a development in the event the conference fails does not seriously disturb either our nationalists or our "intranationalists." It is claimed that

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since the United States possesses within its own borders an ample supply, with a few exceptions, of all the principal raw materials, it would be in a particularly favored position to build up a national economy which would be free from foreign influences. As painted by some of its leading advocates, national self-government, or autarchy, can appear very alluring: as the nation would no longer be at the mercy of disturbances beyond its boundaries, it could guarantee high prices to its farmers, high wages to its workers, and a job to everyone. The specter of the competition of cheap "coolie" labor in foreign countries would be forever laid. Wars would be unlikely to develop, because, with the cessation of foreign investments and of the struggle for markets, the basic causes of international friction would have been removed. Moreover, the theoretical case for a self-sufficient national economy is stronger than is generally realized. There may be a certain amount of truth, for instance, in the contention that the task of organizing the world on a basis of constantly increasing interdependence is at present beyond human intelligence. Differences in the standards of living in various parts of the world are probably too great to permit the attainment of economic stability through dependence on the interplay of the world market. It logically would follow, therefore, that a balance of economic forces could only be achieved by insulating each country as far as possible from external influences and turning the nation's efforts primarily to the development of the home market.

The fallacies in the isolationist position lie in certain practical considerations which are largely glossed over by convinced nationalists. In the first place, the United States is by no means as well equipped with essential raw materials as it is frequently represented to be. All the rubber, silk, tea, coffee, and cocoa used in this country must be imported from abroad, together with approximately half the sugar, three-fourths of the fur and skins, and more than half of the newsprint. In addition, there are nearly a score of essential commodities—such as nickel, tin, iodine, radium, and manganese—which are either not produced here at all or are produced in quantities insufficient for domestic consumption. While many of these products might be replaced by substitutes, this process would never be fully satisfactory and in some cases it would be extremely costly.

Similarly, although less than 10 per cent of the total production of the United States is normally sold abroad, many important economic groups within the country are largely dependent upon foreign markets. This is particularly true of the farmers of the South and West. And although the proportion of manufactured goods sold overseas is somewhat less than that of agricultural products and raw materials, certain industries have grown up which are largely dependent upon foreign trade. The importance of these exports in terms of jobs may be seen from the fact that even in 1932, when American foreign trade had fallen to scarcely one-third of its normal value, there were still some 2,000,000 workers directly engaged in producing goods for overseas markets, while 1,250,000 additional persons were engaged in supplying the needs of those so employed. If foreign trade should be further curtailed, it might be possible in the course of time to effect an economic readjustment which would enable many of these workers to be assimilated into industries producing for the home market, but a heavy price would have to be paid during the transition period. It would mean, for example, that many individuals, including those who had given the best portions of their lives to mastering a trade, would find it impossible to fit themselves for new tasks. No economic dislocation of such dimensions could take place without serious repercussions on the national economy, involving at least a temporary lowering of living standards.

The crucial issue, however, relates to the possibility of achieving greater economic stability within a self-contained state than in an international system. Here the isolationist is on weak ground. Most economists would assert that if we discard the self-regulating mechanism of the world market, it is highly questionable whether national stability could be attained. Even if foreign trade were reduced to a barter basis, it would be impossible to insulate the domestic market against variations in supply and demand in foreign countries, except through a rigid foreign-trade monopoly. It should be clearly recognized, moreover, that such a step, together with the rigid supervision over domestic economy which would be necessary to eliminate internal fluctuations, would entail a far more effective dictatorship even than the Italian.

These sacrifices might be justified, however, if, as the isolationists argue, economic nationalism would eliminate the major causes of international strife and thus make for peace. Unfortunately, the evidence points strongly in the opposite direction. The argument rests upon the assumption that all countries would cheerfully surrender all financial claims now outstanding against foreign countries. If the United States government and the individual Americans who are creditors of the outside world to the extent of nearly twenty-five billions of dollars would voluntarily renounce all of their claims, the cause of peace would indeed be measurably advanced. But in practice, paradoxical though it seems, dyed-in-the-wool isolationists are always among the principal opponents to cancelation of the war debts, and frequently are among the most outspoken in favor of maintaining a large army and navy for the purpose of protecting American property rights abroad. It is no accident that one of the largest items in the domestic recovery program is an appropriation of over $200,000,000 for naval construction, or that the government has recently made large purchases of munitions and other war supplies. The fundamental spirit behind economic nationalism is a war psychosis, bent on the defense of what are deemed to be national interests.

No one could reasonably maintain, for instance, that during the last few years, when economic nationalism has had an almost unchallenged sway in every country, the threat of war has been substantially reduced. Instead of diminishing the points of friction, the development of a series of self-contained states would greatly intensify the competition for essential raw materials, as well as increase the struggle for the rapidly disappearing markets as an outlet for inevitable surpluses. Under such conditions, imperialism would be likely to assume its cruder form of open territorial acquisition, and the danger of conflict between imperial groups would be greatly magnified.

Meanwhile the basic issues before the London conference lie even deeper than the conflict between nationalism and internationalism. Control versus freedom is as significant an issue in the international sphere as in the realm of domestic legislation. Indecision and attempts to compromise between irreconcilable programs must inevitably lead to serious maladjustments if not to complete disaster.

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Murder for the Job

By HILTON BUTLER

FRANK KINCAID, Negro fireman on the Mississippi division of the Illinois Central Railroad, climbed into the cab of "The Creole" as crews were being changed late one night in Canton, twenty-five miles north of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. Against the lighted window he made a perfect target for a gunman in the darkness outside. A shotgun belched a load of buckshot into the Negro's head and he fell back into the coal tender to die. A white man took his place, and "The Creole" pulled out for New Orleans.

To Mississippi newspapers and the correspondents of such outside journals as the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* and the Birmingham *Age-Herald,* it was just another Negro murder, barely worth a paragraph. A week later, however, they had a strangely similar paragraph to print:

Ed Cole, a Negro fireman on the same division, stepped at night from his cab to throw a switch at Water Valley junction. From behind the curtains of an unlighted automobile that drew up beside the track a shotgun roared, and Ed fell over the switch to die. A white man took his place in the cab.

Mississippi, in its own primitive way, had begun to deal with the unemployment problem. Dust had been blown from the shotgun, the whip, and the noose, and Ku Klux practices were being resumed in the certainty that dead men not only tell no tales but create vacancies. And since it was necessary that the vacancies should go to white men, other events followed in rapid succession after the first two assassinations:

Gus Emera, Negro fireman at Durant, saw a closed car rush toward him as he stepped from an engine to a sidetrack. He jumped back in time to miss the second shotgun load, but the first was sufficient to send him to the railroad hospital with serious wounds.

Cleve Sims, Negro fireman also stationed at Durant, walked into the yards at night to go to work. From behind a water tank a shotgun blazed, and Cleve fell badly wounded.

Jack Taylor and Fred Harmon, Durant Negro firemen, fearful now of going to or from work alone, left the yards together at night. Shotguns were fired at them and both fell with dangerous wounds.

One hundred miles south of Durant is an overhead bridge. As an Illinois Central train passed under, a gunman stationed there poured a shotgun charge into Peter Lewis, Negro fireman. The aim was too hasty. Lewis recovered.

Flogging was used next. Ernest Boilan, Negro fireman of McComb, was taken at night into the woods of Pike County and whipped into unconsciousness. There were other floggings—but the Boilan story was the only one that reached the public. His neck had also felt the noose.

Sam Barnes and Turner Sims, Negro firemen of McComb, were leaving the yards together. Shotgun charges tore into their flesh, but with bad aim. Both recovered.

After that the users of shotguns took better aim. Aaron Williams of Vicksburg, oldest Negro fireman on the Mississippi division, was exercising his seniority rights to hold his job, despite the warnings which had reached him that to do so meant death. As his freight locomotive halted in the Vicksburg yards, Williams made a perfect target in the cab window. The shotgun roared and Williams fell dead. A white man, of course, took his place.

A lighted flare lured Wilburn Anderson, Vicksburg Negro fireman, to his death. His engineer stopped the train in the southern yards of Vicksburg to investigate the warning signal. Wilburn climbed down, and as he did so the flare went out. A shotgun was fired at close range and the Negro dropped dead, his head blasted almost entirely from his body.

Inside the city limits of Vicksburg an Illinois Central locomotive proceeded slowly across a busy intersection. An automobile came close, and a shotgun belched a charge of buckshot into the Negro fireman, James Weddington. He fell back into the coal tender, but survived his wounds.

The gunmen awaited their next victim on the Mississippi-Louisiana line. Frank Johnson, fifty-five-year-old Negro fireman with long seniority rights, died from gunshot wounds.

Sunday morning at Natchez. Will Harvey, Negro fireman, left the yards to walk home. Three men stepped from a car with drawn curtains. When it sped away, Harvey was dead on the Natchez sidewalk, the charge of three shotgun shells in his body.

"All I know is that he was a man in a light overcoat. He had turned the collar up. I couldn't see his face." Thus testified the engineer of the locomotive from which Wilburn Anderson had climbed down in the Vicksburg yards to investigate the burning flare. And that was the only description of the murderer that the Warren County grand jury, in special session, obtained. It failed to aid the railroad and police detectives. Nor did it stop the killings.

"I pledge the whole power of State and county officers for the enforcement of the law and the protection of working Mississippians!" proclaimed Governor M. Sennet Conner. "We will aid!" said officers of the Mississippi-Tennessee Police Association, which happened to be in convention in Vicksburg at the time of the Anderson murder. "Come before the grand jury and tell what you know," pleaded Judge E. M. White of Warren County to Negro railroad workmen. None came.

The report of the grand jury was typical of each and every report which is brought in when a white man has murdered a Negro. It ran: "We, your grand jurors . . . have been wholly unable to find the murderer or murderers of ——. Having performed our duty, we now respectfully request to be discharged."

"This reign of terror will have no effect whatever on our policy of giving Negroes their employment rights," said G. E. Patterson, vice-president of the Illinois Central, but there were few Negro firemen left to employ, and even fewer willing to take the job over a white Mississippian. The ghost of the Ku Klux Klan had waved a bloody hand to Jim Crow on the railroad. The toll to date is: murdered—7; wounded—7; flogged—1.

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In a Nazi Court of Justice

By R. S. WHEELER

Brunswick, Germany, June 13

THE first cases in the new special courts (*Sondergerichte*) which have been established to hasten the punishment of persons guilty of acts against the new regime were heard on April 8. In Brunswick the first culprit was the twenty-year-old laborer Gerhard Junke, who was accused of appearing on the street on March 19 wearing a pin which indicated that he belonged to a Young Communists' organization. The accused said that he did not know that the wearing of any button or pin indicating membership in a Communist organization was forbidden. His attorney claimed that since his client had worn the button on the 19th, and the law had gone into effect on the 31st, the boy should be freed or let off with a small fine. However, Junke was sentenced to six months in jail on the ground that the wearing of such pins was forbidden also by the emergency decree of February 28. The prosecutor, Oberstaatsanwalt Battmer, added that the court could soon make itself unnecessary by handing down such stiff sentences that everyone could see what the National Awakening really meant. Severe sentences were not meted out for pleasure, but in the belief that the harshest measures are, in the end, the most humane. The purpose of severe penalties was to prove to even the most reckless of those who object to the new regime that all opposition is futile, and that it is better to swim with the current than to try to battle against it. Let all persons be warned what to expect if they are foolish enough to continue the hopeless struggle against the Hitler Government.

The next prisoner was Hans Steffen, twenty-one years old, a laborer out of work, accused of wearing a swastika without being a party member. He claimed that he had found the button, and wore it because he thought he had a better chance of receiving alms if he indicated that he was a Nazi. His attorney asked that the accused be freed because the emblem in question was not a regular party-membership button but a simple swastika, and because he had worn it not for political reasons but because of his destitution. Nevertheless, Steffen received a six months' sentence, for otherwise, the court declared, "every Communist would be encouraged to wear a Nazi button."

A twenty-year-old locksmith, Hans Meyer, was accused of distributing Socialist leaflets in Greene on March 4, the day before election. Meyer claimed that he had received the leaflets from the *Volksfreund* on February 27, and had thrown them in the street to get rid of them. He was sentenced to six months in jail.

Fritz Drescher, a mechanic, twenty-nine years old, and Herrmann Koch, a laborer, thirty years old, next appeared, accused of distributing in Schlewec cards on which was printed, "Vote for Social Democrats, Ticket No. 2." Both admitted they had done this, but claimed they had no idea that it was forbidden. In fact, Koch had especially asked Drescher, who headed the Socialist local, if it was allowed, and Drescher had assured him that it was perfectly legal. Each of the accused received a sentence of two months, this mildness being due to the fact that Social Democrats had not been forbidden to vote.

The last man to come before the court on this day was Karl Habermann, twenty-four years old. He was accused of wearing a Communist button in a restaurant on the evening of March 25. Habermann claimed that the emblem was under his lapel out of sight, and that he had forgotten that it was still attached to the coat. He alleged further that he had got into a conversation with a young man who claimed that six months previously he had been an officer in the German Communist Party, whereupon Habermann had felt the button and had showed it to the stranger, who thereupon produced the identification card of an assistant policeman and arrested him.

This Nazi, called as a witness, swore that the accused, during a talk on political topics, had claimed that he would always remain what he had been, and had showed his anti-fascist button. The witness had then considered it his duty to turn Habermann over to the regular police. The attorney for the defense requested that his client be let off with a fine, since it was not claimed that the button had been worn openly. The court sentenced the accused to nine months in jail, because he had openly acknowledged that he still belonged to an organization that was working for violent revolution.

At the fourth meeting of the court on May 20 the following cases were tried. The first was that of Otto Bothe, a twenty-nine-year-old laborer of Goslar, who was accused of wearing the emblem of the "Naturfreunde," an organization of friends of the great outdoor world, said to have Marxist affiliations. Bothe claimed he did not know that the wearing of the button had been forbidden. The prosecuting attorney recommended the comparatively mild sentence of one month, which was agreed to by the judge.

Paula Müller of Wolfenbüttel had committed a somewhat similar crime by wearing the emblem of the "Iron Front" (Socialist) on March 8. She received a sentence of equal length.

Wilhelm Marquardt, a laborer twenty-four years old, was accused of selling in Bad Harzburg on March 3 Socialist leaflets which contained severe attacks on the National Socialist Party. There being no evidence to confute the accused's claim that he did not know he was acting unlawfully, he was sentenced to only two months in jail, instead of the six months requested by the prosecutor.

The last case was that of Richard Evers, a teamster, his wife, and Else Koch, a farm worker. On April 18 Frau Evers had repeated to the Koch girl tales of the frightful deeds of the storm divisions; she had alleged that in Vienenburg several persons had faced a firing squad, and that in Brunswick a number of individuals had been treated most cruelly. Herr Evers had also spread these stories—"Ein Fall des übelsten Klatsches" (a case of the worst kind of gossip) the *Allgemeiner Anzeiger* headlined it. The court granted the request of the prosecutor and sentenced each of the three to eighteen months' imprisonment.

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In the Driftway

IN the past Americans, generally, have been indifferent to titles in their occupations. It is an outgrowth, no doubt, of the early American dream of equality and a land in which "one man is as good as another." In our industry often a man simply is in charge of certain work, and the higher he gets the more frequently it may be that his job has no official title. Inside the plant he is known as "the boss," while outside he is possibly alluded to as "the works." Even in government service America has no titles to compare in pomp and imagery with those abroad—say, Chancellor of the Exchequer or First Lord of the Admiralty. But some of us are learning that there is something in titles—that they pay in prestige and thus eventually in terms of that more important consideration, money. There is no doubt, for instance, that the modern "publicity director" or "public-relations counsel," has a better standing and income than the old-time "press agent." And Americans abroad have often found their lack of titles a handicap. One resourceful man, finding himself generally snubbed in Europe, had some cards engraved describing himself as "John Smith, Elector of the Sovereign State of New Jersey." After that he received more attention.

* * * * *

IN connection with the tendency to give more consideration to titles in America, the Drifter points to a recent arrival which he believes is not surpassed by even the most gorgeous appellations abroad. If the reader will consult the Manhattan Telephone Directory, he will find therein the following entry: "Emil Lederer, Sole Arbiter." What, the Drifter asks, could be grander or more awe-inspiring than that? What more inclusive and authoritative? What more final and convincing? The job of Sole Arbiter, as may be guessed, is a new one. The holder of it sits high up in the Maritime Building in downtown New York in the offices of the Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference. Fittingly, the offices overlook the unparalleled panorama of the world's most majestic harbor. The conference is an organization designed to arrange uniform rates and practices among transatlantic steamship lines, in other words, to eliminate the "advantages of free competition," still publicly extolled but no longer privately practiced (where it can be helped) in world industry. The conference found that it could make rules but that it needed somebody to enforce them. So a year ago it took Mr. Lederer away from the Hamburg-American Line and made him what some other industries have less happily called a "czar." That word meant something once, but in this day it is only a pitiful reminder of crumpled might. The steamship companies' Sole Arbiter, as may be imagined, is an unpretentious man who does not give interviews or talk about his work. He doesn't have to, for what he says goes. He has iron-gray hair and on his upper lip a closely cropped toothbrush. His eyes are his characteristic feature—black, a little hard, and a little tired except when he smiles through them. His manner is brusque, business-like, but not unfriendly. Whether he chose his title for himself or it was the thought of another, the Drifter does not know. The Drifter does know that it was a flash of genius.

SOLE ARBITER, the Drifter thinks, would be a matchless title either for this world or the next. The Drifter doesn't worry much about his own appellation in this world, but it has sometimes occurred to him that it will be no great asset when he reaches the Pearly Gates. He has a picture of a stern angel with a check-list in one hand and a sword in the other. He feels himself slumping and tongue-tied under the stern angel's gaze as the latter scans his check-list and says in a voice cold as from the tomb of the Pharoahs: "So you're the Drifter. There's no ticket for you in the box office. Drift along to the Other Place." On the other hand, how different it might be with a more impressive title. Imagine, for instance, striding up securely confident of one's standing, and without waiting for the stern angel to consult his records, pushing past with chin thrust out and a patronizing remark out of the corner of one's mouth: "I'm the Sole Arbiter. Stand aside, you, while I crash the gate."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Tax-free Cities, Another View

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The thesis so well set forth by Louis Bartlett in his article Tax-free Cities is unsound, it seems to me, and will hamper the future growth of municipal ownership. A municipal utility's first function is to supply satisfactory service to the public at the lowest possible cost. The citizens are consumers as well as owners. As owners they are entitled to a fair return on their investment. As consumers they are entitled to good service at low rates. The interest of an individual citizen as an owner and as a consumer are seldom the same.

In this connection it is noteworthy that the Public Service Commission of Wisconsin in very recent letters to municipal utilities has taken the stand that municipal utilities may transfer to the city general fund annually an amount not exceeding 6 per cent of the city's equity in the utility. If the utility is in good financial condition, an amount in excess of this 6 per cent may be transferred, but any additional payment must be considered as a return of principal originally advanced by the city, and will be applied to reduce the city's equity.

Permitting even municipal-owned utilities to make profits large enough to reduce or eliminate taxes is, as Mr. Bartlett admits, using the utility as a tax-collecting device. In other words, we have a high sales tax on electricity instead of on gasoline or bread. But a man's utility bill has no definite relationship to his ability to pay, to his material worth, to the benefits he may derive from government, or to his tax bill. Utility rate structures will need to be entirely remodeled if they are to serve the dual purpose of collecting for electricity and for general civic expenses.

To keep the records clear, I might add that I am an advocate of municipal ownership. In this small city of 4,200, the municipal utility has transferred $106,000 to the city general fund in the last six years. This has been done with a domestic rate of 9 cents for the first 15 kilowatt hours, 6 cents for the next 15 kilowatt hours, and all over 30 kilowatt hours at 2 cents; the utility pays taxes and has an adequate depreciation reserve. And the joke of all this is that the municipal utility buys the power in bulk from an Insull transmission line. My annual tax and utility bills are about equal—but in fairness the utility bill should be lower and the tax bill higher.

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Perhaps the worst feature of using utility profits to pay city expenses is that this keeps the rates of municipal utilities higher than they otherwise would be. It tends to close the spread between private and municipal utility rates. There is no good reason why customers of a private utility should pay Rotary dues for company officers; neither is there any good reason why customers of a municipal utility cooking with electricity should pay more, through their electric bills, for maintaining a fire department than their neighbors who use a dangerous, old gasoline range.

Waupun, Wis., June 20 GEORGE W. GREENE

To Save the Rand School

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Rand School of Social Science is in the midst of a campaign to raise $17,000 in order to continue its work after twenty-seven years of existence. It would be a calamity if the Rand School were compelled to close its doors. It would be a calamity for the thousand and more students, men and women, old and young, who, laboring through the day, depend on the services of the school for enlightenment and refreshment. It would be a calamity to the civic life of the community, since the headquarters of the school also house a large number of offices of organized labor and other agencies whose activities reach out into the life of the city, and even, by means of correspondence courses and extension work and summer camps, into the life of State and nation.

It would be a calamity to intelligent, untrammeled thought and speech everywhere. The Rand School has been one of the foremost agencies in the country for the promotion of economic literacy and political understanding. The joy that reactionary forces would take in its closing is a measure of its usefulness and its standing. Its friends and the friends of enlightenment and sound adult education must see to it that its great work is not brought to a close for lack of funds.

The $17,000 required to save the Rand School and the People's House, if raised, will save the Rand Bookstore, the Rand School Press, the Labor Research Department, the Debs Auditorium, the Workers' Theater, the Meyer London Memorial Library, the Rand School extension and correspondence courses, and the home of the Workmen's Circle Children's School, the *New Leader,* the New York Socialist Party, and a host of trade-union organizations.

Readers of *The Nation* are urged to send their contributions to Mrs. Bertha H. Mailly, Chairman, Special Committee, 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York City.

New York, June 21 JOHN DEWEY

Manhattan Moment

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

This report, lacking any social or economic significance, merely gives a glimpse of the East River shipping which interested the writer.

Seen from the twenty-first floor of an apartment tower near the river's Manhattan shore, a tug was puffing northward with a barge in tow loaded with huge sharp fragments of granite, probably blasted from the excavation for a skyscraper and now destined for Hart's Island up-river, where ground is being filled in for new buildings of the city's public institutions. Just as this slow-voyaging and clumsy craft passed the lookout window, an outboard speedboat came frolicking by it, down-river, with its tip-tilted form flinging up delicately arched little geysers of spray from either flank, to flash in the sunlight. The contrast was impressive, as between a stolidly swimming thornback skate and a slender flying fish just cleaving the surface for an adventurous soar. Picturesque symbols of caution and audacity.

Roselle, N. Y., May 30 ELIOT WHITE

Medical Note

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Even the vulgarity of a pun can sometimes phrase pertinent criticism. One of my favorite *Nation* writers, Paul Y. Anderson, dissents from this, dissents from that, dissents from almost anything at all. Can it be a form of dysentery? That, one knows, weakens both body and spirit.

Saint Peter, Minn., June 15 LOUIS TOWLEY

Palestine's Isolated Prosperity

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The economic depression is not world wide. Palestine enjoys complete immunity from any form of the slump. The cause is not far to seek. Jews from all over the world, an appreciable percentage with capital, are flocking here for various reasons; some because of the local lucrative field for business ventures, others because of business stagnation elsewhere, political oppression, or Zionist propaganda. This immigration means a tremendous influx of capital to be invested. The working class comes chiefly from the Slav countries.

You have the cause, now for the effect. Instead of unemployment, there is a labor shortage. The country is devoted chiefly to citriculture, and therefore most of the labor is agricultural. I have seen the students of a local high school called upon to help with the spring planting. The budget, instead of showing the usual deficit, is balanced and has a surplus. There is a real-estate and building boom in progress which smacks of America in 1927 and 1928. Having arrived from the United States and Canada a few months ago, and visited several European countries en route, I am prepared to state that to my knowledge these conditions of economic welfare are unique.

The cost of living is exceedingly low. A luxurious suite can be had for a maximum of $35 a month, providing you are quick. By this I mean that homes and apartments are rented before construction is completed. First-class food can be procured for fifty cents a day.

True, Palestine is insignificant even beside the minor nations, let alone the Powers, but to the Jews and Arabs it is of vital importance. The Jew looks upon it as a potential homeland and the Arabs regard it as one of their pieces of property.

Most of these facts were illuminating and revealing to me. I write this in the thought that I may have been as well informed on these subjects as the average American.

Kfar Saba, Palestine, May 29 SAMUEL ZUKERMAN

Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am engaged upon a biography of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby (David Ross Locke, 1833-88). If any of your readers knew him or heard him on the platform, will they please communicate with me.

Webster Groves, Mo., June 14 CYRIL CLEMENS

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The "Best People" and the "Mob"

To the Editors of The Nation:

Democracy, according to the president of Colgate University, "is based on mob psychology which is destructive, unmoral, and would drop thousands of years from civilization." It is not surprising to find an American college president lining up with the executives of big business against the ideal of democracy; college presidents themselves are the most autocratic and irresponsible functionaries we have ever had in the United States. Naturally they would like to have the state governed politically on the same fascist lines that they have followed so successfully in their own institutions. As one who for more than thirty years has been a university teacher I should like to point out that while the rule of these institutional autocrats has resulted in an enormous material aggrandizement of plant and endowment, it has notoriously failed to make of the American university a potent social influence. The mediocrity of our college faculties is too well known to require specification; instead of creating social leaders they have turned out, especially during the late jazz era, largely bond salesmen, publicity experts, and radio announcers. College faculties as a rule have less social initiative and liberalism than the student bodies whose sporadic efforts to think for themselves on social and political matters they try, indirectly, to squelch.

The reason that many of us prefer the risks of "mob psychology" and the political method of "counting noses"—as one bitter critic of democracy, who prided himself on being the first to apply the ingeniously vicious system of "voting trustees," once called it—is quite simple. Our so-called "best people," those whose social and educational advantages are superior to the herd, so often guess wrong on vital human questions, especially where *their own interests are involved*! Without tediously reciting the many instances of this truth in our own history from the Revolution to the Civil War, instances in which the verdict of time has proved the "mob" to have been right against the judgments of timid tories and selfish industrialists and rugged individualists, it is sufficient to mention the great war and the fantastic peace. This most lamentable of all human mistakes was neither designed, initiated, nor engineered by the common people of any nation, although all known devices of manipulating "mob psychology" were used by the governing classes to flog their peoples into the slaughter. Here in America it was the house of Morgan, aided by our socially best people, which first ardently espoused the cause of the Allies and ultimately worked the country into the war—which many of them now ruefully regret. It was these influences, not the "mob," that committed the stupendous stupidities at Versailles. It was one of the partners of the great house of Morgan who had so little economic or financial foresight as to gloat (and admit it afterwards in his "What Really Happened in Paris"!) when Wilson impatiently decided to break the pledged word of the armistice agreement and admit pensions and reparation allowances as items of the enormous indemnity to be exacted from the foe—which has plagued the world ever since. Mr. Dulles has related how the three first demands made upon Germany by the victorious political and military leaders—coal, ships, and replacement of destroyed factories—were all repudiated within three short years by the Allies themselves. It was not the "mob" that made the Treaty of Versailles, the Dawes subterfuge, and the Young compromise, but the foremost statesmen and financiers of the world.

To come nearer home, it has not been "mob psychology" that has wrecked ten thousand of our banks in a few years but gross incompetency and dishonesty among our leading and most trusted citizens. It has not been the pressure of the "mob" that has compelled the Congress to confess moral and intellectual impotency and hand over its powers to the Executive in the hope that somehow he may get us out of the mess. So today, as it has ever been in an obscure world, it is safer to trust the collective judgment and instinct of humanity than the wisdom of the few, however able and well equipped they may appear to be. The mass of mankind can be easily confused, as our sly masters of finance and big business know only too well, since they hire the experts to befog the issues. But when the choice involves the simple moralities of existence, as most political and social choices ultimately must, one can trust the reactions of common men rather than the prejudices of the privileged few.

Indeed, it is one of the darker mysteries of human existence that education and cultural advantages do not necessarily endow the individual with either character or wisdom. For the human animal rarely rises above class and cultural influences. I had rather take my chances with the psychology of the mob than with that of Messrs. Herbert Hoover, Lawrence Lowell, Winston Churchill, *et al!* Democracy will withstand all the nibblings of our cultured fascists because ultimate power lies with the masses and they know that they cannot trust either the good will or the good sense of their intellectual superiors. They have been too often betrayed.

Autocracy, feudalism, capitalism, each has crumbled in its day, not because as a social system it was inherently unworkable, but because its special beneficiaries lacked the intelligence and the character to make it workable.

York Village, Me., May 29 Robert Herrick

Volunteer Research

To the Editors of The Nation:

Some of your readers may be interested to learn that there is in New York City a group of graduate and undergraduate students at present engaged in sustained independent research on problems of economic reorganization and particularly in an investigation of the perishable food industries and the preparation of outlines of socialization for these industries. The group can use the volunteer assistance of men and women who are interested in and familiar with the technical and economic aspects of the dairy-products, fruit-and-vegetable, and meat-products industries.

Each individual develops a special phase of the industry in which he is interested. This development consists of outlining a brief history, completing a bibliography, and indicating the most important problems needing further research. Individuals with a moderate amount of time this summer to devote to such a project are invited to communicate with me at 412 Schermerhorn Annex, Columbia University.

New York, June 8 Lucy Kramer, Secretary,
Industrial Research Group

Would Form *Nation* Club

To the Editors of The Nation:

Readers of *The Nation* are all deeply interested in the subjects taken up in it and should band themselves together in each locality in some form of discussion club in order that they may intelligently digest what they read. I should be glad if Lincoln, Nebraska, readers would take such a step, and I wish I might hear from some of them at 2101 South Thirty-fifth Street.

Lincoln, Neb., June 6 Wilber E. Sanford

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Books and Films

Elegiac

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

"This delicate flesh, this flower without fruit—"
So shall the elegy begin, and so
Its music find you not irresolute,
Moving to measures postulant and slow.
O lyric wreath twined while the breast is warm
And the lids hardly shut upon the eyes!
Lean to those lips and, lest they speak, inform
Sorrow with texts none other shall revise.

Discharge to this anonymous dust your debt—
It will not answer or confound your word,
Happier in oblivion to forget
The resurrection which has been conferred;
Nor dim the light that aftertime may shed
More on the valiant living than the dead.

Prophets of Doom

THREE booklets have just been issued by a new publishing house calling itself Arrow Editions. One of them is a handsomely bound and handsomely printed pamphlet which begins as follows:

> A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of communism. All the Powers of old Europe have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this specter. . . . Where is the party in opposition that has not been decried as communistic by its opponents in power? Where the opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of communism against the more advanced opposition parties? . . . Communism is already acknowledged by all European Powers to be itself a power.

The format of the little volume suggests one of the more indecorous classics periodically republished "for book lovers." This opening paragraph suggests, on the other hand, the essay which one may find in any issue of any "left" magazine, or even, these days, of any "popular" magazine as well. Actually, however, it is neither, but rather, as the cultured will recognize from this beginning, a little work published in 1848 and called "The Communist Manifesto."

To one who, like myself, has never read this essay before, the most striking thing about it all is the complete familiarity of everything that is said. One has not only heard elsewhere advanced all the theories propounded, but one seems to have heard them in precisely the same words.

> In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity—the epidemic of overproduction. . . . And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand, by the enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

Surely these sentences, chosen at random from fifty equally striking ones, have been sold in very slightly modified form to a dozen current magazines during the last few years. So, of course, has the one about how modern industrial methods have produced internationalism, and the other even mustier one which points out how these same industrial methods have reduced the handicrafts man to the position of a mere cog in the machine. One begins to suspect that editors have been steadily paying good money for matter in the public domain, and to wonder if several might not have saved their publications from bankruptcy if they had been willing to compose their own rehashes of the "Communist Manifesto." I am told that Lenin made very important contributions to the technique of revolution. I suspect, on the other hand, that no one has added anything important to its theory since the "Manifesto" was published.

Now it is generally admitted that the events of the last few years have made certain the imminent doom of society. It is something of a shock to learn that the revolution was, for exactly the same reasons, equally inevitable eighty-five years ago. But the shock is succeeded by a thought mildly comforting to one who, doubtless for entirely unworthy motives, is not anxious to be present when the doom falls—namely, the thought that, if the revolution was inevitable eighty-five years ago, it may be just barely possible that it will still be only "inevitable" eighty-five years hence. Marx and Engels are so convincing that they undermine the conviction carried by their contemporary followers, who cannot demonstrate the fact that society must fall any more convincingly than Marx and Engels demonstrated that it could not possibly last until now. I shall not, in my ignorance, attempt to find the flaw in their argument, but it may be somehow connected with their insistence that the worker would inevitably get less and less as he produced more and more. Doubtless he did not, in the years that followed the enunciation of this "law," get his fair share; but he did, in absolute terms, get more, and it is just possible that he will be given still more tomorrow. If he is, then the just society will not arrive, but the bourgeoisie may, to the rage of the revolutionist, be clever enough to do again exactly what it did in the nineteenth century—yield just enough to keep this defective old society a going concern. The fact that men have always been inclined to do exactly that when faced with the "intolerable" abuses discovered from time to time in their economic and other institutions is one of the reasons why the world has remained what Schopenhauer called "at once the best and the worst of all possible worlds"—the best because no one knows how he can improve it, and the worst because if it were any less good than it is, it would not be allowed to exist at all.

In the introduction to another edition of the "Manifesto," published by the League of Industrial Democracy, Harold Laski confesses that Marx, the great apostle of united action, "had never learned the art of colleagueship." "With Marx, to enter a movement was to dominate it. 'Hatred,' wrote Mazzini of him, 'outweighs love in his heart.'" "He was," adds Professor Laski, "often wrong, he was rarely generous, he was always bitter." He does not, however, add that this tendency of those who love humanity

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so much to hate most of the individual specimens with which they come in contact is one of the reasons why certain skeptics distrust such idealists and prefer the famous remark of Dean Swift: "I hate humanity, but I love Tom, Dick, and Harry." In any event, however, there is one thing more to be said in favor of the "Manifesto." It is easy to read. If that were equally true of the *magnum opus* of the Master there would be no point in a fable which I shall now adapt to my purpose. It appears that Karl Marx was acting Vergil to Lenin's Dante on a tour through hell. They were followed at a short distance by a crowd neither very large nor very small. "What company is that?" asked Lenin. His guide seemed puzzled. "I cannot tell," he replied. "The company is too large to be composed of my readers, but it is too small to be that of my commentators."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Wanting Is—What?

Letters of Robert Browning. Collected by Thomas J. Wise. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Thurman L. Hood. Yale University Press. $5.

IT is an obvious enough generalization that some collections of letters are intrinsically interesting—interesting at least almost wholly "for their own sake"—and others interesting only on some special grounds, biographical or the like. Of the two types these letters of Browning's belong, with extremely few exceptions, to the latter. No doubt to Browning devotees—who still exist—and in some sense to scholars, every scrap of the poet's correspondence has a certain importance; and to the generally literate person perhaps three or four dozen of these present letters will be of interest on the ground that Browning himself is something like a great poet. But that is as much as can be said. Browning was as far as Tennyson from being a "letter-writer," and the bulk of the letters in this book have singularly little value, even—one feels at first—on secondary and biographical grounds. There is a great deal here by way of family news, expressions of thanks for one kindness or another, plans for vacations, and similar commonplaces—commonplaces not unjustly represented by such sentences as these: "I sent a bill, for Pen, from the Paris frame-maker, and a letter for Fannie. I dined with the Schlesingers two days ago. . . . The Douglas Murrays were there—he desired me to tell you that the best of his pups is 'laid down' for you. . . . Our weather is fairly good—mild enough, and reasonably free from fog just now." The best typography in New Haven can hardly make literature out of this.

More of it than most readers of this review will believe is in a comparable vein. But of course the volume cannot be disposed of merely in these terms. Indeed, a second thought might well be that it was astute editing on Dean Hood's part to include everything, even the notes of acceptance and the postcardesque correspondence from summer resorts. Only thus, perhaps, can a full impression of the man Browning be successfully rendered. This, doubtless, is the reverse of the medal of which the obverse appears in the ardent letters of his early maturity to Elizabeth Barrett. For Browning was a complicated human being in whose breast dwelt at least two souls—the soul of a late romantic poet and the soul of a suburban bank clerk, the latter of which was sublimated, as his life went on, into the soul of a highly presentable clubman. In a sense, this is familiar enough, and Henry James made it the point of his story, "The Private Life"; but I doubt whether it has ever been so fully demonstrated as in this volume, and I wonder whether, even now, all its bearings have been sufficiently indicated. Has it ever been put in crudely simple terms that Robert Browning, beautifully endowed as he was, was the poet of insular Nonconformism, the Sophocles of nineteenth-century Whiggery, the reconciler—for the benefit of linen-drapers and M. P.'s—of Shelley and T. B. Macaulay, the mouthpiece of British pragmatic liberalism on its more idealistic, perhaps more pretentious, side; that, at the same time that he was a man of genius, he shared, both as a person and as a writer, the moral and intellectual limitations of his class and his contemporaries?

At any rate, the shopkeeper and the clubman are far more visible in these letters than the man of genius. "With all his audacities," said Edward Dowden, Browning "was preeminently prudent." In short, he was an English dissenter, intellectually cautious, socially conventional, insensitive to the darker realities of his age, cheerfully undiscriminating; and it is the English dissenter who mainly emerges here. Here is the Browning who hobnobs with evangelical preachers; who defers to Lord Leighton and Alma-Tadema; whose liking for Italy was confessedly "always a selfish one"; who can speak like any Calvinist of "the copperhead of human nature" (apropos of the Franco-Prussian War); who is "dead against" Gladstone and his Home Rule stand, but delighted at Joseph Chamberlain's success; who dines out, "with two exceptions," "for the last sixteen days"; who proposes to Lady Ashburton with an eye, apparently, to making his son the heir to her enormous fortune; and who, save for some allusions to his English fellow-authors, never mentions a contemporary thinker of any real distinction. This is to put all the emphasis, with a kind of cynicism, on one side; and it should be said that there are occasional glimpses here of the man who drank some drops out of Shelley's cup, who wrote the great soliloquies and monologues, and who befriended Landor and Margaret Fuller. But the prose heavily outweighs the poetry, and the volume can hardly be recommended to romantic spirits. To the historically minded, who are willing to focus even a considerable poet in his whole temporal and local scene, it can be recommended heartily as a document.

NEWTON ARVIN

A Recent Eden

Land of the Spotted Eagle. By Chief Standing Bear. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THE perfect life which this book describes was lived no more than sixty years ago, in a paradise whose area is familiar to us under the names North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. Yet it was a life to which ours bears no relation whatsoever, and even the territory no longer exists. The land is there, with the same sky over it and the same sun rising and setting; but the Black Hills have been stripped of their forests and ripped open for their gold, and neither the sun nor the sky is observed, acknowledged, or saluted by Lakotas who suppose that their world will hold together easily forever.

It did not hold together at all, as everybody knows. Chief Standing Bear, born in a Plains tipi and brought up by his parents as every Lakota boy had been brought up during innumerable centuries, lived to see the white man exterminate his people's buffalo, lived to watch warriors returning in defeat from the Indian wars, lived to go East for an "education" at Carlisle, lived (as half of his young friends did not) to come home to a reservation, lived to behold his people humiliated and slandered by the race which had conquered them—and lived to write two books in defense of his departed culture.

Chief Standing Bear's previous book, "My People the Sioux," was an autobiography, and as such possessed the unique

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advantage of having a vast stretch of human history to deal with—from the Stone Age until now. The present volume is almost entirely concerned with the general aspects of this great theme. It is personal only when Standing Bear resorts to his own experience, or to that of his family, to illustrate a point. His subject is the Lakota way of life, and his moral is that the Lakota way was unspeakably superior to our own. His effect is to fill any generous white reader with belief.

"Very early in life," says Standing Bear, "the child began to realize that wisdom was all about and everywhere and that there were many things to know. There was no such thing as emptiness in the world. Even in the sky there were no vacant places. Everywhere there was life, visible and invisible, and every object possessed something that would be good for us to have also—even to the very stones. This gave a great interest to life. Even without human companionship one was never alone." Such is his beginning. Then he goes on to show how it was that an Indian boy became acquainted with this world—not his world only, but his father's, his mother's, his people's world also, and every living creature's. It was a valuable world because so many beings shared it; it was a precious world, not to be walked in carelessly, and never to be looked on with contempt. All life, including human life, was valuable to an Indian, with the result that he managed his days with temperance, brought up his children neither with effort nor with neglect, killed animals reverently and delicately for their flesh or fur, kept the peace whenever possible, and frequently held communication with those spirits who for him represented the sentient, controlling Whole. He was always busy, never bored, and if Standing Bear is right in what he remembers, almost invariably happy.

It is obvious that a hundred and twenty million people could never live so wisely. But that would be no answer for Standing Bear. Nor for the Great Spirit, who may be smiling at us now.

MARK VAN DOREN

For Social Insurance

Insecurity: A Challenge to America. By Abraham Epstein. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $4.

THE author of this book has, during the last decade, been one of the most useful citizens in the country. He began his work for old-age pensions just as the post-war reaction was sweeping over the nation and putting a quietus upon virtually all social legislation. With inadequate resources and at a great personal sacrifice, he has kept steadily on, working for a self-respecting system of pensions to protect old age, and it is due more to him than to any other man that there are today no fewer than twenty-five States with old-age pension laws, and that the movement is on the high road to universal adoption. Through his devotion and energy he has built up the American Association for Old Age Security from scratch to a militant membership of 6,000 members. Just as this association, with its original battle nearly won, is now moving out into the broader struggle for other forms of social insurance, so Mr. Epstein in this timely volume considers the general problem of insecurity in modern life and the ways in which it may be lessened by social action. More than any other book of which I know, this book does for the present generation what those by Rubinow and Seager did for that which preceded it, by bringing together between two covers not merely an analysis of the various and great risks which modern workers face but also the best methods for meeting them.

Mr. Epstein points out that the transition of America from a nation of self-employed farmers, craftsmen, and merchants to one composed primarily of employees has meant that the mass of the people are dependent upon wages and salaries, and that their incomes are subject to severe interruptions through accidents, illness, unemployment, industrial old age, and the death of the wage-earner. In a well-documented fashion, Mr. Epstein goes on to show how the wages, the savings, and the property of the working classes are in general insufficient to provide them, upon an individual basis, with adequate protection against these catastrophes. Then in a sharp but substantially accurate manner he debunks the various industrial panaceas, such as the spread of insurance, employee stock ownership, welfare plans, and the stabilization programs of specific concerns, by which the individualistic capitalism of the twenties both asserted and believed that it was solving the industrial problem and bringing plenty and security for all.

With the way thus cleared, the author shows how the pooling of a relatively minor proportion of the national income might give to the minority who suffer from these severe interruptions of working-class income a self-respecting minimum of protection, and how this would lift a heavy load of anxiety from the minds of all. He reviews foreign experience with unemployment insurance and very properly points out that the Ohio plan for a State-wide pool gives greater protection and more uniform treatment to the unemployed than the Wisconsin plan of separate and mutually exclusive reserves for each plant. The author then demonstrates that the high cost of medical care and the loss of earnings are a crushing burden upon those who suffer from more or less severe ailments, and that insurance will so distribute these expenses over a wider group as to make them collectively and individually bearable. The case for old-age pensions is next presented, accompanied by a detailed program for action, and the defects in our present system of workmen's compensation are analyzed and made clear. The book closes with a description of the systems of mothers' aid in this and other countries, a discussion of the family-allowance system, and a spirited appeal for action in the field of social insurance by our State and national governments.

Excellent as Mr. Epstein's work is, it is naturally not without certain minor defects. The economic reasoning is at times somewhat superficial, and the tone sometimes unduly cocksure. This is evidenced when the author advocates the British system of flat-rate contributions and payments, which have nothing to recommend them except slight administrative advantages, and when he waves aside any economic analysis showing the ultimate tendency of even capitalistic society to reabsorb workers temporarily displaced because of technological and managerial improvements. But these occasional blemishes do not seriously impair the solid values of Mr. Epstein's work. He has given us a good book which well deserves wide circulation and study.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Apostolic Blows and Knox

Broadcast Minds. By Ronald Knox. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

FATHER RONALD KNOX'S is not a name with which to conjure in this country, but in England he occupies the rather self-conscious position of a member of a well-known Protestant family who has been converted to Catholicism. He is also, like his brother, E. V. Knox, and like G. K. Chesterton, a popular writer of light essays and a bit of a humorist. When he adventures into the banal business of combating "atheism," "agnosticism," and "free thought," he becomes, like his brother in the faith, Mr. Chesterton, a trifle naive, not to say disingenuous. To quote the first Samuel Butler, "He proves his doctrines orthodox with apostolic blows and knocks," save that the times have changed, and the method of attack is less

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physical than was once the practice of the church which he left and the church which he joined. This volume, as its imprint would suggest, is an excursion into Catholic orthodoxy as the measure of contemporary thought. "Broadcast Minds" is a term of abuse applied by Father Knox to writers who sway public opinion without first consulting Saint Thomas Aquinas. Whether they actually broadcast or not is immaterial, apparently—his chief objects of attack are H. G. Wells, H. L. Mencken, Julian Huxley, Bertrand Russell, H. Langdon-Davies, and Gerald Heard.

Strange as it may seem, these eminent literati suffer from one common defect against which Father Knox's libertarian, enlightened, emancipated Catholic mind revolts: they are dogmatic; they lay down the law; they impose upon the unthinking masses of men; they are particularly positive about matters in which they are not experts; they often make mistakes. It is true, they do not persecute, torture, and kill those with whom they do not agree, and then declare them saints. They do not condemn a woman to a series of Caesarian sections because, as celibates, they are authorities on such matters as sexual love and gynecology. Their utterances, however rash, lack something of that not-too-wistful medievalism which distinguishes a papal encyclical from an editorial in the *Morning Post* or the *Izvestia*. When is a dogma not a dogma? When it is supported by the authority of the Church of Rome. These intellectuals are unbearably dogmatic; they give no free play to human inquiry. Everything that is as plain as a pikestaff to an Irish or Sicilian peasant is completely beyond the comprehension of their narrow minds.

Father Knox repeats the old, old story that there is no conflict between religion and science. Archaeology, anthropology, biology, physics, and astronomy are all mentioned, in a grand finale, as proving this thesis. The Catholic church has never been a stronghold of obscurantism; knowledge has not been won in the face of clerical opposition; the holy priests have always been the torch-bearers of light and learning (not being an Irishman, Father Knox spares us all reference to the Island of Saints and Scholars). He admits, however, that we village atheists have one trump card: Galileo. In this case, it appears, there was a regrettable but isolated conflict between knowledge and ignorance. Since then only one solitary scientific event can be described as having caused the faintest rift between orthodox Christianity and science, and that was the publication of "The Origin of Species." This, however, was a mere trifle, vastly exaggerated by Professor Huxley's grandfather and the latter's colleagues, who failed lamentably to see the joke. Our modern "broadcast minds" somehow have failed to stress the vast rejoicing, the enthusiastic encouragement and understanding, with which the clergy received all efforts to elucidate the story of man's genesis.

However, let it not be thought that Father Knox is not a good clerical mixer, a man of the world, if not a muscular Christian. He is willing to rub shoulders with the commonest of men, if not with common sense. Although not, as he confesses, an admirer of the B. B. C., with its horrible pronunciation and anti-religious bias, he did listen to a broadcast made by the Supreme Pontiff. His Holiness, needless to say, was not a broadcast mind. He was entirely lacking in dogmatism. "It is difficult to imagine any occasion more impressive, I will not say to any Catholic, but to any mind which has a proper perspective of history. The Voice which spoke was one never before heard on the shores of England." Having heard this Voice (why the capital?) myself, I can vouch for the fact that Achille Ratti spoke very much like any Italian priest. His French was very dubious in spots, his German much less influenced by Italian idioms, his Latin as it should be. As a bid for world trade I thought it rather inconsiderate to omit English and Polish, the languages of a number of devoted clients, not to mention Spanish, never so useful as in these days of recalcitrancy in Spain and Mexico.

The Pope did not have the assistance of interpreters; otherwise what Father Knox calls the Voice might have been heard also for the first time in New York. Evidently, relying only on plenary inspiration, the Supreme Pontiff had not seriously considered the radio as a possible stimulus to the faithful in Ireland, Poland, the United States, and—Oxford. But when all broadcast minds are directed from Vatican City, Father Knox can then write another book pleading for ungrammatical, un-B. B. C. French, English, Spanish, and Polish, divinely inspired and free from philological dogmatism. By that time, however, someone not privileged to be an Italian may fulfil the inscrutable will of God by being awarded the papal tiara. Then, indeed, we shall have surcease from the inquisitorial intolerance, the medieval ignorance, of Messrs. Wells, Huxley, Mencken, and Russell. But, owing to the "Index Expurgatorius," we shall never be able to discover that it was Voltaire, not Napoleon (as Father Knox supposes) who said that if God did not exist, we should have to invent him.

ERNEST BOYD

Pathos Is Not Enough

Pity Is Not Enough. By Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IN her first novel Miss Herbst wrote about very ordinary people living somewhat less than ordinary lives, and by making them seem important by virtue of their very ordinariness gave us a picture of American life more real and profound than such pictures usually turn out to be. For the principal defect of our fiction in the last five or ten years has been a belated application of the American spirit of pioneering and exploitation to the subject matter of the novel, an emphasis on various elements of strangeness, wildness, or mere picturesqueness in our national past which more often than not replaces an intensive enough preoccupation with character or theme. Because of the current widespread interest in the American past, the American novelist of the moment is more fortunate than his European fellow-worker, who suffers from the prevalent debility of themes without having the same lush variety of concrete settings to offer as a possible substitute. The result has been that our fiction recently has been characterized by a kind of richness—a richness, it is true, not more than skin deep—which has led too many people to believe that it is also very important. Much of it has resembled a colored lantern-slide naturalism more than anything else, and many of its writers recall to mind Rebecca West's remark about Zola, that while he did not believe that Rome was built in a day he seemed to believe that it could be described in less.

The change in Miss Herbst's choice of material since "Nothing Is Sacred" illustrates all this as well as anything in some time. Actually her first book possessed solider qualities of style and characterization than many more pretentious and successful novels published during the same season. But her characters, placed in a contemporary and painfully humdrum setting, revealed themselves to be so empty of mind and soul as to be wholly lacking in any kind of significance, moral or otherwise; and the futile automatism of their actions probably depressed their creator, as they certainly did the reader, with a pretty acute feeling of spiritual nausea. At the end Miss Herbst was able to discover no meaning in the lives of these people for whom nothing is sacred; and to Miss Herbst's credit it must be said that she seems to be aware of the necessity of discovering some meaning in the lives of the people whom she creates in her fiction. The only question is whether she has

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followed just the right course in this new and much more ambitious novel. Here we have scale as we did not have it in her earlier book.

"Pity Is Not Enough" is the record of an American family from the Civil War to the present. It traces its hero, Joe Trexler, through carpet-bagging days in the South, through gold-prospecting and other adventures in the West, to his ultimate insanity and death. A great deal of ground is covered, in the most literal sense, and a great many details of our national history are worked into the fabric. Miss Herbst knows her materials and knows them well enough not to impose them too obviously on our attention. But what is lost in all this tenderly careful reconstruction of the post-Civil War era is exactly "poor Joe" Trexler himself, the hero, who has hardly more function than to serve as a center for the documentation and the often very beautiful nostalgic prose. Because we are never made to believe in him as a man, as distinguished from a kind of historical symbol, neither he nor the period that he represents ever becomes quite alive with meaning. The mood of pathos, somewhat reminiscent of Glenway Wescott, with which Miss Herbst suffuses her pages is not enough to give meaning even to a single life. Characterization might be enough —if a few of our novelists would only decide to concentrate on it again.

WILLIAM TROY

A Contemporary Classicist

The Poems of T. Sturge Moore. Collected Edition. Volumes I, II, and III. The Macmillan Company. $5 each.

POETRY is denied popularity for various reasons, few of them constant from decade to decade but all of them readily comprehensible to students of taste and public temperament. It is harder to understand the recurrent obscurity or vogue of certain writers within the field of critical appreciation itself. We have explained to our own satisfaction and flattery the reclaiming of Donne, Emily Dickinson, and Gerard Hopkins to honor in the twentieth century. The homage rendered these masters has perhaps allowed too little attention to several poets of similar integrity and isolated distinction whose careers are too recent to admit of exciting exhumations. One of these poets is T. Sturge Moore, whom the present collected edition exhibits in a beautiful typography and binding of his own design. It may aid in calling wider attention to the "exceptional sensibility" which several admirers, among them Ezra Pound, praised in his work twenty years ago, and which steadily underlies his remarkable achievement.

The enthusiast for contemporary styles will be deterred at the outset by Moore's almost complete scorn of fashionable methods or innovations. The reader's adjustment to his specifically personal, uninfluenced point of view, overlaid as it is with traditional feeling, is as necessary as in approaching the work of Francis Jammes or Robert Bridges. It is that point of view, however, which provides the clue to Moore's quality. He has based his work neither upon the perversely eccentric mentality which produces the sensational poetic innovator, nor on the consciously shared experience which robs many modern poets of invigorating isolation and consequent strength of judgment, but on a moral and aesthetic intelligence of his own determination. This intelligence, schooled in classic forms, has not hesitated to draw its attitudes from them when it has found that those attitudes conformed to the poet's own bent or choice. Moore has therefore adapted to his own use historical themes, legends, fantasies, and even familiar phrases and clichés without suggesting servile imitation of his models. And because his poems, whatever their traditional qualities, are formed on the basis of his own resolute convictions, they persuade us again that poetic language is neither made nor ruined by specialized vocabulary, by classical or topical phraseology, provided that it issues from a sincere and authentic self-determination on the part of the poet himself. Our superstition about traditional rhetoric in modern poetry will not be corrected until, as Eliot once suggested, we recognize the existence of "a rhetoric of substance also, which is right because it issues from what it has to express."

Approached in this way, Moore's poems and dramas lose the remote preciosity and oracular aloofness which repel at first glance. He has not always been an exact judge of his limitations. His emphatic personal reserve has not prevented him from exploiting opinions or experiments which are of a purely private significance and doubtless damage the effect of his best work. These defects in proportion must also be held to account for several of his unimpressive critical pronouncements in English magazines, and for some of the metrical novelties scattered through this edition. He has frequently been diverted to trivial utterance by intimate friendships and by some of his more random literary and artistic interests. This will not detract from the pure intention and clarity of tone which pervade his serious work: the exquisite lyrics, of which "The Dying Swan" has been made familiar through Yeats's admiration; the poems of childhood in "The Little School"; the shapely translations from Rimbaud, Verlaine, Ronsard, and Valéry; and the longer dramatic poems, of which "Danaë," "Tyrfing," and "Judith" are the best. A better knowledge of these poems will enrich not only our store of modern poetry but, what is more important, our understanding of it.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Metternich and the "Beasts"

Metternich: A Study of His Period and Personality. By Algernon Cecil. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

MR. CECIL takes a special pride in proclaiming himself "a reviving Tory," and one is led to suspect that his chief reason for writing about Metternich is that it gives him an opportunity to recite an object lesson in social and political science. He believes, quite significantly, that "we can learn as much from Metternich as it is possible for one distracted century to be taught by another," and that he was not "merely a man of his world, but a man of *the* world; and his wisdom, though in some ways the wisdom of his time, was in more the wisdom of *all* time." Now while Mr. Cecil would perhaps be the last person to deny that he is dedicated wholeheartedly to the Metternich variety of conservatism and its peculiar idea of social salvation, it is almost certain that this very thing has thrown a false emphasis and a distorted perspective on his work as a biographer and historian. His characters, though in many ways believable and human—especially Metternich himself—are continually avoiding him and attiring themselves in the garbs of melodramatic villains and ideal heroes. Not that Mr. Cecil tries consciously to distort fact, for this is most emphatically not the case, but by forever believing that his hero can do no wrong—that is, of course, in the way of social injustice or social shortsightedness—he involves himself in a series of amazing apologies and verbal prestidigitations.

It must be remembered that Metternich's greatest horror was the rumblings and manifestations of social and political change that were sweeping through Europe in the wake of the French Revolution. Anything that threatened or seemed to threaten the existence of his pet *ancien régime* was for him the blackest treachery and the deepest sacrilege. Believing himself to possess—and Mr. Cecil thinks he did possess—the only knowledge and capacity to keep Europe and civilization from

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disintegration and chaos, he spent his entire active life fighting the revolutionary spirit wherever he found it. To satisfy his grand passion there was no piece of double-dealing, no political intrigue, no amount of subjugation and repression that he would not undertake.

For Mr. Cecil, all this comes under the head of "diplomacy," and to sustain Metternich in the hero's role he is not only prepared to undertake elaborate and eulogistic explanations, but allows himself to dismiss his enemies by classing them quite generally as the "beasts of the Revolution." Dozens of times, in fact, various revolutionary activities are referred to—without other consideration or investigation—as the work of such "beasts." To write 332 pages treating a period when millions of people realized for the first time—because of the example in France—that autocracy and starvation were, after all, not invariable laws of the universe, and to refer to these people only as "rabble," and to the social forces they generated only as a "plain menace," or the "spectral monster," is to write something that hardly deserves to be called a "study" of that period.

By far the most interesting part of Mr. Cecil's book is that dealing with the personality of Metternich. For in spite of his quite obvious limitations as a historian, Mr. Cecil as a recounter of political intrigue and court life is often vivid and penetrating. The chapters dealing with Metternich's amazing "diplomacy" are told in a tone of Machiavellian delight and with all the mastery of a connoisseur. Indeed, whenever Mr. Cecil allows himself to forget his self-imposed duty of expounding moral lessons and eternal truths, his characters become very lifelike and possible.

VICTOR JOHN KROETCH

Shorter Notices

Sometime. By Robert Herrick. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Utopias become increasingly easy to construct with the breakdown of the social system. By taking all the crank fads of today—nudism, vegetarianism, free love—Mr. Herrick has created the land of Sometime, a glorified playground of the human race, where mankind disports itself eternally in a world that closely resembles the unreal paradise of a modern experimental school. True, the Sometimers have subordinated the machine, abolished money, and regulated the growth of population; but too many of the ideals of American civilization persist in their society—speed, physical comfort, eternal youthfulness—a eupeptic, narcistic society, a world that might have been created by the genius of modern advertising if all the street-car placards could be more than wish-fulfilment. The Utopia of Sometime is not a daring rearrangement of human concepts, such as Samuel Butler propounded in "Erewhon." A psychic sterility seems to oppress the inhabitants, and the perfection of their society is a state of tension constantly tending toward disruption. Possibly this is the trouble with all Utopias, whether communistic or fictional. At any rate, the total effect of reading about the Sometimers is to reconcile the reader to society as it exists today, and to make him hope that we may find amelioration but not perfection.

Gibbon. By G. M. Young. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

Gibbon was a rich man's son. He knew almost none of the extremes of life. His tepid and respectable love affair did not end in marriage but in the kind of quiet friendship in which successful marriages sometimes end. His pleasures were travel and study, and these he enjoyed without having to overcome any great obstacles. So serene was his life that the biographer of Gibbon is compelled to turn for narrative material to the events of the slow composition and publication of his masterpiece, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Mr. Young uses a bright, allusive style that succeeds in sustaining the reader's interest. His book is one of the more successful volumes in the useful and competent series of Appleton biographies.

Try the Sky. By Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Company. $2.

This is the tale of a strange quartet who are brought together on a disabled motor boat on the Danube: Jose, a young Irishman with a flair for race horses who hopes to write a novel about the turf; his sweetheart, Carlotta, a lovely young Austrian whom suffering has filled with a Dostoevskian love of humanity; Buttercup, a half-breed Indian princess who is plotting to get Soviet assistance for an Indian uprising in the Canadian Northwest, a sort of Chthonian being who rather too obviously symbolizes the ruthless forces of nature; and her mysterious husband, Beltane. The novel glides pleasantly down the Danube on a tide of mystic symbolism which provokes the inevitable D. H. Lawrence tag so popular with blurb-writers this season. This is rather tactless, for the faint symbolism which gives the necessary romantic overtone to this Danube waltz is almost dispelled by such a potent invocation.

An Anthology of Haiku Ancient and Modern. Translated and annotated by Asataro Miyamori. Tokio: Maruzen Company, Ltd.

The Haiku is one of the peculiarly brief Japanese lyric forms. It is limited to three lines totaling seventeen syllables in all—less than our heroic couplets. As a consequence its characteristic is subtle condensation which depends upon suggestion and association. Naturally these are virtually untranslatable except at the points where the literary traditions of the two languages coincide, and the associations of one are matched in the other. Mr. Miyamori's scholarship is excellent, and his introduction and notes are informative. His translations, however, are dull, and only when the content has an indestructible imaginative quality, as in "The white bait [a small transparent fish] looks as if the soul of the water moves," have they any success. Mr. Miyamori, however, wherever there have been previous translations, includes the other versions, which add to the comprehensiveness and value of the work. In format the book is an exquisite example of Japanese book-making.

Memories of Lenin. Volume II. By N. K. Krupskaya. International Publishers. $1.50.

These intimate memories of Lenin, put on paper by his widow, seem strangely pathetic, even forlorn. Here was a determined revolutionist in exile, cut off from his native land, fighting against the defeatism and opportunism of his associates and followers. Lenin himself, though his principles were unshaken, was never quite certain of the future. Thus, Mme Krupskaya recalls a lecture he delivered in Zurich only a few weeks before the February revolution. "We of the older generation," Lenin said, "may not live to see the decisive battles of this coming revolution." But even as he spoke the collapse of the empire was at hand. The forces making for that collapse had been at work for some time. Desertions from the front had been heavy for more than two years. And on August 15, 1916, Minister of War Guchkov felt it necessary to warn General Alexeev that "in the rear disintegration is doing its full work, and the government is decaying at its foundation." Of course, Lenin could hardly have known of these developments. He was in exile in Switzerland and out of touch with Russian affairs. But if Lenin was taken unaware by the suddenness of the February upheaval, he was without question prepared to take advantage of that event. Through the nine years of his

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second exile, first in Geneva, then in Paris, Cracow, Berne, and Zurich, which Mme Krupskaya describes in this volume, he had fought consistently to preserve and develop the revolutionary content of the Socialist movement. He had fortified himself by constant study and debate. Others had yielded to opportunism, or had wanted to liquidate the Russian party because the fight seemed so hopeless. When the revolutionary opportunity came, Mme Krupskaya points out, Lenin alone of the radical leaders was prepared for revolutionary action.

Man Wants but Little. By Wilson Wright. A. and C. Boni. $2.

The title of this novel speaks for itself. José Perdriga, a young Spaniard, emigrates to Cuba at the height of the boom period. Swept into the hectic life of the island, with its background of local politics and revolution and American exploitation of mines and sugar, he reacts to it with all the deep stubbornness of a simple nature which asks but little here below. His needs are fundamental: a woman to love, a family to bring up, and some work on the soil to keep body and soul together. These things might seem easy of attainment, but Perdriga does not find them so. There is plenty of land, but it is not to be had for the asking. Other human beings break in on his peace. He is drawn into a complicated net of events. It is his misfortune to be a capable young man, a fact soon discovered by Wilson, the American superintendent, who proceeds to make use of him. Perdriga fights the golden opportunities offered him. "He sat simply facing the 'boss' who was doing so much for him, and wished to heaven something could be done to stop him." His wife's family, too, is a bit of a nuisance. Existence becomes for him an eternal combat with some dragon, which is perhaps human nature itself. Ultimately he attains a measure of the felicity he so ardently desires. Earth is a potential paradise, which can be gained only in snatches. The author is apparently intimately acquainted with Cuban life, which he presents in a series of kaleidoscopic views.

An International Series of Open Letters. International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation. Vol. II. *Why War?* By Albert Einstein and Sigmund Freud. Boston: World Peace Foundation. $1.

The earlier volume in this series was devoted to a discussion of the wordily phrased but vital problem, "the means of insuring the representation of intellectual activity in the social, economic, and political life of today." The contributors were Professor Gilbert Murray, chairman of the League of Nations committee which has charge of the series, Salvador de Madariaga, Alfonso Reyes, Paul Valéry, and several others. In this volume Professor Albert Einstein, who is unqualifiedly opposed to war under any and all circumstances, and who has declared his conviction that any given nation could disarm at will with impunity and national profit, draws up the indictment against war with admirable clearness and simplicity (no writer in the world is clearer or simpler than the father of the bewildering theory of relativity), and inquires of the austere old psychoanalyst in Vienna how mankind got that way and whether he believes there is a way out. The instincts of hate and destruction, Freud replies, are probably as natural and necessary as those that conserve and unify. There seems to be a principle of polarity involved; at least "an instinct of either category can operate but rarely in isolation." War, which is an easy outlet for the destructive impulses, is thus difficult of eradication; but perhaps—Freud, for all his relentlessness, has always been something of a wistful idealist—perhaps a way can be found to turn the destructive impulses into less odious and evil channels. For Freud, at bottom, is as instinctively a pacifist as Einstein. And one feels behind the cautious objectivity of these two scientists the passionate earnestness of two generous souls.

Films

Summer Solstice

IT is not altogether true that the movies differ from the legitimate theater in being less affected by seasonal changes, and that one can see just as many worth-while films during the summer months as at any other time during the year. The current drift to breezy musical concoctions like "College Humor" and "Gold Diggers of 1933" would seem to indicate that exhibitors are taking no chances of letting anything interfere with the proper appreciation of their expensively installed air-cooling systems. In adjusting their programs to the temperature the movie palaces are of course merely following another old tradition of the legitimate stage, which until quite recently always refrained from more "serious" manifestations during the torrid season. In New York further evidence that the dog days are approaching is to be seen in the languishing state of the little cinema houses, most of which have either closed down or devoted themselves to revivals. The latter condition will not seem entirely calamitous as long as it makes it possible for us to see René Clair's "Le Million" (Little Carnegie) for the third or the fourth time, as the case may be. Another circumstance, traceable to the political rather than the climatic barometer, which is also affecting the little houses, is the active boycott being carried on by the German-Jewish audience in our larger cities against all German-made films. One of the good effects of this has been an encouragement of French pictures in this country; and since one could spare a great many German operettas for a film like "Poil de Carotte" (Europa) one may still be grateful to the Hitler regime.

The newest house to set itself up as the "international cinema" is the Vanderbilt, which has had the courage, in the face of the present difficulties, to bring Richard Tauber's very popular singing vehicle, "The Golden Goal," to the American public. A proper estimate of this would require the services of the music critic, who would be better able to pass judgment on the quality of Herr Tauber's tenor voice, his phrasing of Mozart and Schumann, and his rendition of large sections of "Martha." Certainly, to the amateur, it seems like one of the most thrilling voices so far recorded on the screen, with the richness and volume that one associates with the great tenors, and Herr Tauber's acting personality is distinctly agreeable. The story also is somewhat better calculated to supply a plausible background for vocal prowess than is common in pictures of this sort. We see Herr Tauber, first and last, in the choir of the little church in Bavaria from which he has been tempted away by a rich visitor from Berlin. The theme is the ultimate loneliness of the great artist, and because as a theme this is fairly unhackneyed for the screen, and because it is carried with the full weight of Tauber's undeniable talent behind it, the impact is quite strong in the final scenes. From any point of view "The Golden Goal" is worth seeing and hearing, but to the student or amateur of music it will of course have a very special interest.

Not having seen either of the stage plays on which the two Hollywood films viewed this week were based, the present reviewer is handicapped in making the usual comparisons, although it is hard to believe that either original included such remarkably bad acting as Ruth Chatterton imposes on her gullible admirers in "Lilly Turner" (Rivoli). So versatile has Miss Chatterton become that she can now change her style of acting with every scene—and with the most startling effects. One is uncertain throughout whether her accent is going to emerge as low-brow (Brooklyn), or highbrow (Mayfair-cum-Hollywood), or

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plain unadulterated Hollywood. The truth is that Miss Chatterton is much too great a lady ever to have undertaken such a sordid role; the nautch dance in particular was a great mistake. Except for an excellent portrayal by a German actor of a circus strong man in an advanced stage of paranoia, the picture as a whole is devoid of point or distinction. "When Ladies Meet" (Capitol) is all too plainly a faithful photographing of Rachel Crothers's popular comedy. As a motion picture it has too little motion and too little variety of background to be acceptable, and while its lines are witty in a genteel sort of way they are probably not so witty as they seemed on the stage. Its chief interest for those who have seen the play will consist in the presence of Miss Alice Brady in the cast. Of Miss Brady's powers as a comedienne one is left with the impression that she is trying just a little too strenuously to make us forget that she once played Mr. O'Neill's Electra. It is almost eerie to observe this sophisticated daughter of the footlights eyeing the camera when she makes her "points" as if it were an Empire or Guild audience. Her performance, however, is a vigorous one, in the best theatrical sense, and since a little vigor is what Miss Crothers's conceptions are most in need of, it helps things considerably. It is good to report also that Robert Montgomery, as the pushy young journalist who saves the heroine's virtue, has improved his acting enormously since the days when he served as one of Miss Garbo's wooden Indians. In fact, the acting in "When Ladies Meet" is more satisfying than anything else—which means, of course, that it is not the sort of screen play one is likely to remember.

WILLIAM TROY

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